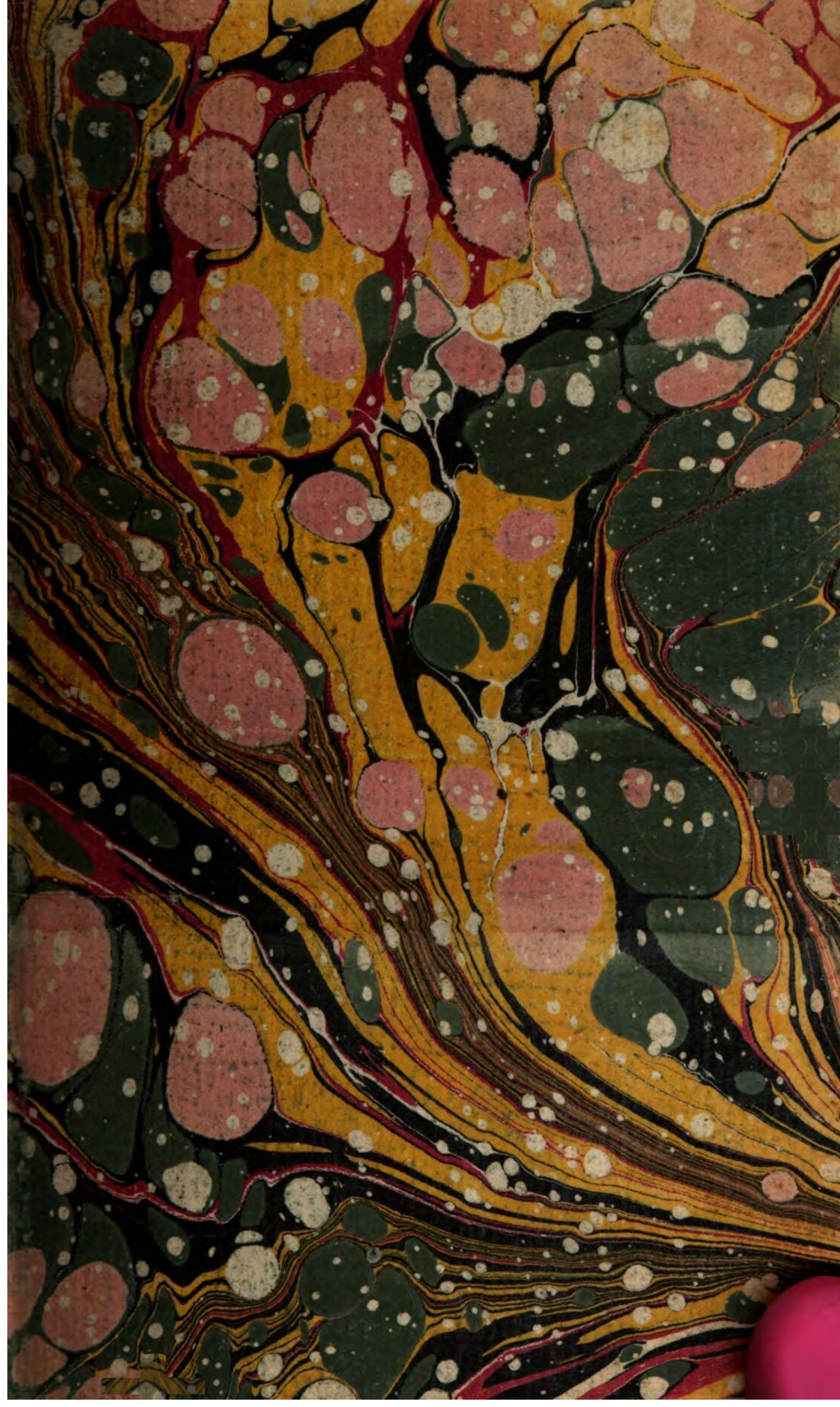


P. o. angl.

188

-1-





Om. 4423

p o. angl. 188-1

<36641630090014

<36641630090014

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

B. L. angl. pag. 86.



GEORGE KEATE ESQ^R.

S K E T C H E S

FROM

N A T U R E.

VOL. I.



GEORGE KEATE ESQ^r

S K E T C H E S

FROM

N A T U R E.

VOL. I.

3 K E T C H E S

FROM

W A T U R E

VOL. I

S K E T C H E S

F R O M

N A T U R E;

TAKEN, AND COLOURED, IN A
JOURNEY TO MARGATE.

PUBLISHED FROM THE
ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

By GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

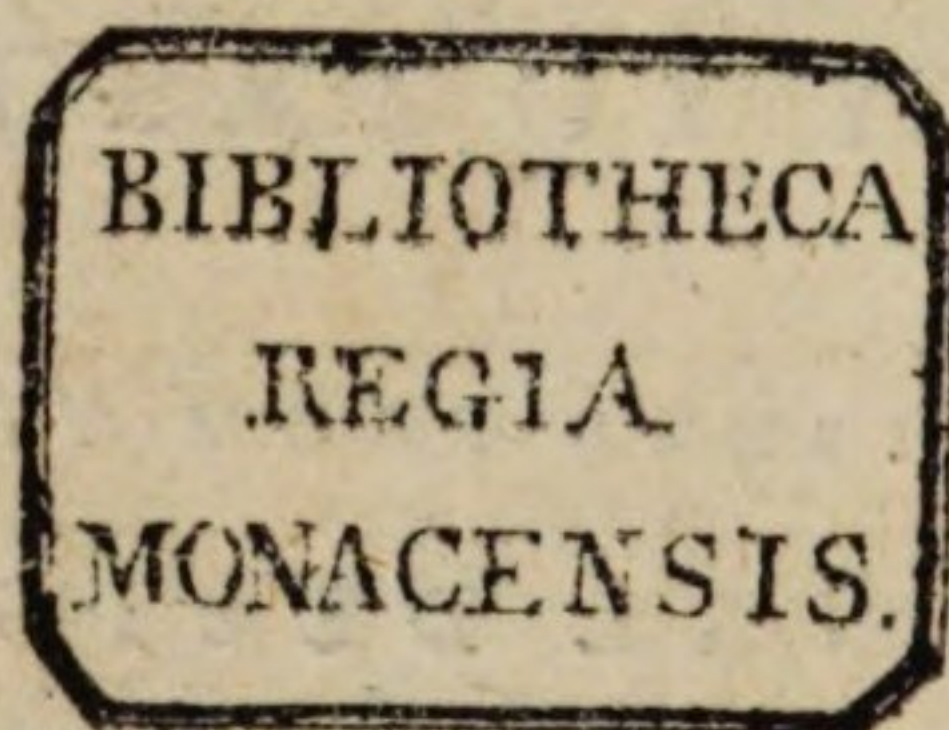
THE SECOND EDITION.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M, DCC, LXXIX.



TO THE
READER.

*I*F the knowing who the Author of this little work was, could add one cubit to thy stature, or give thee a better night's rest, thou shouldst not go to bed without having thy curiosity satisfied;—but as it can be a matter of no moment to thee, let the secret remain between us,—it being sufficient that one of us is in possession of it.—

As

vi P R E F A C E.

As the Editor of the following pages, I cannot but feel an anxiety for their success;—and it may be expected, that I should, like most other Editors, say somewhat in their favour—but this I shall, for several reasons, decline; rather choosing to leave to the discovery of the Reader, whatever share of merit they may be thought intitled to.—I have no scruple, however, to declare, that my chief motive in committing them to the press was, that I conceived they exhibited some scenes which might interest the affections, and contained nothing that could injure the morals.—

*Having had several occasions, in trivial productions of my own, to
experience*

P R E F A C E. vil

experience the candour of the Public, and as I may have future ones to hope its indulgence, I cannot resist this opportunity to say, that could I ever, either as Author, or Editor, let a single page go out of my hands, that might disturb, or give pain to any good heart,—if I know any thing of myself, I will venture to affirm,—that I should be the person who would suffer the most.

GEO. KEATE.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I cannot send this little work a second time to the press, without saying, that whatever anxiety I might
5 *have*

viii P R E F A C E.

have felt at first ushering it into the world, I have been amply relieved from by the very favourable reception it hath met with.—And I have only to add, that no material alteration hath been made in the present edition, an attention being only paid to correct a few trivial inaccuracies, which, in the hurry of the first publication, had escaped both the Editor and Printer.

London, Nov. 1779.

SKETCHES

S K E T C H E S
FROM
N A T U R E.

THE TÊTE À TÊTE.

—**I** CAN easily explain that to you,
said I.—

You may full as well spare yourself
the trouble, replied Madame La
TOUCHE.—You have spent a great
deal of breath already to prove the
necessity of introductory chapters in
matters either of Love or Litera-
ture,—you may possibly be right in
the one; and as to the other, it never

came under my consideration.—'Tis a foolish argument, and you had better amuse yourself with looking at this fine prospect.—

I have had a much finer one before me, Madam, ever since we set down the two sleepy brutes at DARTFORD (we were at this time in the CANTERBURY machine) and as my eyes are so soon to lose sight of you, they are justified in fixing where they do.—Seize pleasure when you can, has been laid down as a maxim by the wise, both in prose and verse.—You and I must part presently; but the preliminary discourse we have held together in the coach, may make us meet on amicable terms, should fortune ever throw us into the same chapter.—Those features of yours form so admirable an index, that I shall be able to turn
immediately

immediately to the page where I left off.

—You are exceedingly ridiculous, Sir, and a jumble of agreeable contradictions.—I hope however that you preach a little better than you talk.

The world, Madam, in balancing my accounts, after all its divisions and subtractions, has been pleased to throw me in that allowance—but as men rarely preach themselves into bishoprics, I can safely assert, that I never added the eighth of an inch to my shoe-heel on the credit of it.

—Literary men are in general as eagerly followed, and as suddenly dropped, as the fashions, Madam, over which you preside.—The bulk of mankind never think at all; and the greater part of those who do, think by

proxy, or regulate their opinion by the caprice of the day.

Now as I have ever claimed the privilege of judging for myself, I sometimes look beyond the surface of things, and will ingenuously own that by the time I had conversed with you half an hour this morning, I read in your countenance an easy natural character, notwithstanding the grave looks you launched at me from beneath your smart bonnet.—

You have in truth rallied me with much pleasantry—a man who talks at every thing must expect to be answered.—We are but passengers of a day, whether 'tis in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the world.—In God's name then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each
 3 other

other as we can?—Short as our journey is, 'tis long enough to be tedious to him who fulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbours to make them ride uneasy too.—

1 A benevolent good humour is a cordial we should never be without, either at home, or abroad,—it keeps our passions active, tempers them most deliciously, and gives life a serene sunshine.—The traveller who carries it with him views every prospect of the road in its brightest colouring, and turns every incident to account.—By its cheering quality you and I, who met this morning as strangers, have posted along so imperceptibly, that we are now but at a small distance from CANTERBURY, without having counted a single mile-stone.

I did not care, said she, if we had further to go.—

Nor I — for we would make the morrow as pleasant as to-day.—However, let me live in your remembrance; and if when you get to PARIS, you will deliver the letter I wrote at ROCHESTER into Madame de B*** hands, as I walk along the sea-shore at MARGATE, and indulge my reveries, I will supplicate the waves to be favourable to you—though by the by, I hate all smuggling but in love.

BOUGHTON HILL.

NOW, whether Nature, when she was mixing and compounding the materials out of which I was formed, forgot to throw in the due proportion of those which were to constitute the retentive faculties, I know not; but so it is, I have always omitted something or other in the essentials.—

I ought to have told the Reader that Madame LA TOUCHE was one of those fashionable milliners of ST. JAMES's, who take a trip to FRANCE every summer, in order to import all the fripperies and fopperies of that merry nation, and was now going thither on that errand.—She spoke the French tongue very fluently, hav-

ing learnt it young, and preserved it, as she informed me, by the intercourse of business, and by a marriage with the private secretary of one of the foreign ministers.—She appeared to be about one or two and thirty, genteel and personable; rather a showy than a pretty woman, but extremely lively and engaging in her manners, and seemed to know the world sufficiently well to avail herself of its foibles and follies.

—Well—What say you? said she, (as the horses took breath at the foot of BOUGHTON HILL) what say you, Sir?—Shall we indulge the coachman in his request, and walk up?—With all my heart, Madam—it will stretch our legs, and give us a fine prospect—it is rough and steep,—pray accept my arm, though I am but an
awkward

awkward support.—'Tis the head, Sir, that gives the stick its value.—We understood one another perfectly well—the compliment gave her credit for a bow.

There are certain happy moments in one's existence when the blood flows neither too quick, nor too slow; when every nerve and artery is faithful to its function, and the whole frame is so nicely harmonized, that every agreeable object which just then strikes on any of the organs of sense, awakens the soul to pleasure.

I was at this instant in one of those delicious moods.—The sun was declining in its gayest colours—the air was pure and serene, and Nature seemed perfectly at peace;—on my right hand, corn fields, hop grounds, and wide extended inclosures of varied

ried forms, wore the face of plenty and security ;—on my left, the Isle of SHEPEY, and the rich vale of FEVERSHAM, contrasted the landscape, and the opening of the channel, which was covered as far as the sight could stretch with innumerable sails, carrying on an intercourse with the distant parts of the world, compleated a scene which my eyes were unwilling to quit.

—And here, says I, pinching the lady's hand as she leant on my arm, (for I told you I was in excellent spirits) while so many fair traders are hazarding their all, to support themselves, and increase the wealth of the nation, are you injuring its manufactures, cheating your sovereign, and nursing the follies of your own sex.—

Well preached, in good truth, my
cen-

censorious friend, replied Madame
 LA TOUCHE, with a laugh—I wish
 none of the officers whom his Ma-
 jesty confides in to look after his re-
 venues, cheated him more than I,
 whom he puts no trust in—and as to
 those numerous vessels which you call
 fair traders, I believe, on a scrutiny,
 more than two thirds would be
 found to be smugglers:—fair trading
 is as unfashionable as a ten years
 silk; but 'tis a good cant term, and
 people in business avail themselves of
 it.—For my part, I fear we have not
 less desire for a thing because it is
prohibited; this is an hereditary
 weakness our sex have had from the
 beginning of the world, and which
 will furnish them with an apology
 for smuggling to the end of it.—But
 you men who establish the *laws* and
customs

customs yourselves, have no excuse for infringing them, and yet notwithstanding your refined notions of fair trading, I should shrewdly suspect by a hint you lately dropped, that some of your own dealings may possibly have been *counterband* and *run over* without having paid *duty*.

It was an argument that might have carried us to CALAIS, and from CALAIS to AMIENS, and from AMIENS to PARIS—my companion would have supported it on any ground.—It had already carried us to the summit of BOUGHTON HILL, but was abruptly broken off by the coachman desiring us to get again into the machine, where having resumed our places, we rattled down with great speed into CANTERBURY.

C A N-

CANTERBURY.

I NEVER passed this city but at times when I was riding post haste into a warmer climate, in order to patch up the shattered constitution, which Nature has given me to nurse—but how you, Madam, should have gone through it so often without ever visiting the cathedral, I cannot conceive.

Why the church, I suppose, did not stand in our way, replied the Lady, nor constituted any part of our errand,—but as the DOVER coach will not set forward this hour or more, I will accompany you thither with all my heart.—

A man wants but little persuasion to do what he is inclined to—so we
fallied

fallied out from the FOUNTAIN, and crossing the HIGH STREET, turned into MERCERY LANE, bedeviling the pavement at every step; the stones of which are so sharp, and so irregularly thrown together, that one would swear it was the chance-medley work of DEUCALION and PYRRHA.

Heaven help, said I—(as they were cutting through my shoes)—the old, the weak, and the crippled, who are condemned to tread daily this flinty path—'Tis much the *pennance* should exist more than two centuries after the *shrine*—or that the *reformation* never reached the city*!—

* Alluding to the numerous pilgrims, who thronged to visit the tomb of BECKET, after he was canonized by POPE ALEXANDER the Third, many of whom, through credulity and zeal, trod all these avenues barefooted.

It behoves their incorporated worships to look into this matter—it is both moral and politic to make the way to the church easy to all.—

Now it not being an hour of service the doors were shut—A boy went to call the woman—the woman ran to fetch her husband,—and the husband had left the keys at home; so we took a turn into THE OAKS, which is a public walk contiguous to the prebendal houses.

Several sleek divines were enjoying the fine evening, and amusing themselves with going in and out of the adjoining bowling-green—Madame LA TOUCHE and I formed the same group we had done in ascending BOUGHTON HILL; and as my face is pretty well known by the public, my tall lean figure, with the smart nymph
who

who reclined on my arm, immediately attracted their notice.—

The FRENCH understand this matter better, and by creating an attention out of curiosity, equally gratify their inclination, but pay the stranger a compliment at the same time.

Madame LA TOUCHE perceiving how much they leered at us, asked if I knew any of them?

—Not by name, said I—but they are part of the troops of the *church militant here upon earth*, embodied and leagued *to fight manfully against the world*—though, by the by, when they get into CANTERBURY quarters, they are generally in a condition to make a good treaty with it.—

But we'll now walk into their *camp*—they have pitched, you see, an admirable one here.

THE

THE CATHEDRAL.

I WILL not trespass on my reader's time, by a description of a building so well known—I hate a superfluous chapter—nay, I would not have one in such a work as this, even should my friend DODSLEY give me ten pounds extraordinary for it, and invite me to a bit of mutton in the bargain.

I shall content myself with observing, that what ought to be the great entrance of this cathedral is as contemptible as its great tower is elegant,—it is besides choaked up with little paltry buildings ; so that were it ever thrown open for any grand solemnity, the procession must come out of a barber's shop that is erected before it.—

Were the view from the western door to the eastern extremity, uninterrupted, it would produce a most noble effect; but the screen that separates the choir, and the door that leads into it, are to a degree trifling and minute.

MADAME LA TOUCHE exclaimed immediately against them—she understood proportion—tho' for the sake of variety she had thrown the heads of all her customers out of it.

The figure of Dean WOTTON kneeling, is of ITALIAN sculpture—it has an air of dignity and devotion that is uncommonly striking.—The story of BECKET'S murder, and the pavement which was shewn us still stained with his blood, affected us not a jot—any other *Canterbury tale* had done as much :—But I own I felt
my

my bosom beat with pleasure, when I stood by the tomb of the valiant EDWARD.—My female companion had never heard of *The Black Prince*—the fashions, and the swarming novels of the times, had been the depth of her studies.—I explained the whole to her.—He liv'd and died, Madam, the glory of his age,—as virtuous as he was intrepid.—I must take his sword in my hand, tho' it cost me a forfeit.—

In my first excursion into FRANCE, I went thirty leagues out of my way to visit the plain of POICTIERS, which he so immortalized ;—nay, I believe I should have had another look at it when I was there last, had not twenty untoward accidents rendered it impracticable.—

The fair are always pleas'd to hear
C 2 of

of the brave; and we are told, in the finest piece of poetry extant, that the brave alone are deserving of them.—

As the vesturer conducted us thro' this great repository of the dead, and gave us an account of the most distinguished monuments, passing unnoticed a far greater number of such as were almost defaced, or whose inscriptions were become illegible, I could not but reflect what a blended mass of human clay lay under the pavement we were walking over!—princes, heroes, and prelates, who had shone conspicuous characters in the world, mixed with those who had found their way to the grave thro' the silent, but no less useful paths of private life.

Happy is it for us, said I, that
the

the actions of the Great, and the Good, have elsewhere a more permanent record ! since the generation which is witnesses of them so soon passes away ; and the hand of time, and the foot of the passenger, allow so short a period to the transient memorials which man erects to man !—

THE KISS.

HAVING taken the round of the cathedral, we had stopped behind the iron grates which run across the chapel, just where the shrine of BECKET stood (I beg his Saintship's pardon, SAINT BECKET I should have said) and were looking at the old Mosaic pavement which was worn away by the frequent devotions of the pilgrims who visited his tomb,—when a boy came from the inn to inform Madame LA TOUCHE that the DOVER machine was ready to set out.

—Well—then there's nothing to be done, says she, but to part.—

—Yet in the name of good fellowship, Madam, let it not be without a token of remembrance—a whole

day's *tête-à-tête* may prefer a claim in my behalf.

—I never could to this moment ascertain whether it was a particular echo in the place, or the warmth with which the kiss was given and received, that made the vesturer turn short round (though he was then at some little distance) and threw him into a perplexity to compose the muscles of his face, which were all set for a titter.— So, *bon voyage, Madame*, and *bien du plaisir à Monsieur*—was the French *congé* with which we separated.—

What would their reverencies have said had they been within hearing?—but they were all in the bowling-green, and knew nothing of the matter.

I suppose, by your simper, honest friend, said I (for the vesturer still

kept twisting his bunch of keys to compose himself) I suppose that but few people come now to BECKET'S shrine for a Kifs?—but if your pulverized Saint could be conscious of it, I'd venture to say he would not be displeased.—Nothing is more holy than a Kifs given with discretion—and if any of your doctors ever preached on the subject, they could tell you, it was the salutation of the primitive times, which many writers, who conclude a great deal, and prove nothing, conjecture to have been far more virtuous than those we live in.—

It is a long while since I promised my dear JENNY a chapter on a Kifs—but were I to make a digression now, I should lose my conveyance to MARGATE.—'Tis a copious subject, and
will

will demand several pages—since a Kifs comprehends whatever may come within the parenthesis of cold local ceremony, and the effusions of the most ardent affection.

THE LONG-COACH*.

WHEN I got back to my inn, the MARGATE Long-Coach was drawn up in the yard, and the passengers already seated in it.—On my coming, the driver informed me that

* The Vehicle alluded to, ran daily from MARGATE to CANTERBURY, to wait the arrival of the LONDON coaches.—I am informed that this *Long-Coach* was set up about the year 1761 or 1762, and continued in use till the end of the summer of 1768; from whence we may form a conjecture, that these volumes were written during some part of that period.

In confirmation of this, MITCHENER'S rooms are mentioned in the course of this work as the place of public assembly, which ceased to be so in the season of 1769, when the new ball-rooms were completed and opened.

they

they only waited for me, and immediately opened the door of it.

The singularity of the conveyance struck my fancy.—Bless me, said I—advancing toward it—thin as I am, there is no room for me to squeeze in.—O yes! replies an enormous fat woman who was stewing within, there is a seat in the corner.—

Corner! why I can't perceive any it has—nor end, Madam—nor beginning.—Heaven have mercy on the man who so little consulted the ease of others!—

I have seen *the Diligence* of CALAIS and LYONS—the *Côche d'Eau's* of BURGUNDY—the unwieldy machines of STRASBOURG, NURENBOURG, and LEIPSIC, and that mirror of mechanism a DUTCH coach.—

I have also seen most of our own
northern

northern and western stages, with their baskets and appendixes—the long machine of GREENWICH, and the new WINDSOR FLY, which our papers have been so full of—but the construction of this MARGATE business differs widely from them all.—

While my eye was running over its parts, I had got one foot on the iron step, debating the matter whether I should get in, or no—when my grey-headed host of the FOUNTAIN coming up to me, determined me in the negative, by telling me, there was a gentleman arrived who was going forward to MARGATE, and that I might accompany him in a post-chaise, if I liked it better.

When one is more than half disposed, a trifle turns the scale.—With all my heart, honest friend FARLEY,
said

said I—my bones have been shaken from one end of EUROPE to the other, in such a variety of strange vehicles, that I have in truth no curiosity to be tempted by the novelty of this.—So order your horses.—

Sir, continues he, you will be pleased to wait a little—the gentleman is stepped out to call on an acquaintance he has in town, but will return presently.—

Why then order me a pot of coffee.—

THE CONJECTURE.

THE mind is often ingenious enough to puzzle itself about a trifle, which a plain question could determine.

Who, cries CURIOSITY, can this intended companion of mine be?—indeed I might have asked the landlord this when he brought in the coffee—psha!—what does it signify?—perhaps some inquisitive traveller, like thyself;—or a highwayman, says CAUTION;—or a methodist preacher, quoth PRUDERY;—or a Jew mountebank, says PRIDE;—or a strolling player, says MEANNESS;—or one that will leave thee to pay the whole chaise, quoth AVARICE.—

—And why not, exclaims BENEVO-
LENCE,

LENCE, as honest a man as thyself?—
 thou art summoning every dirty passion to sit in judgment on a poor Stranger thou hast never seen, who may possibly be a far more amiable being than thyself—and whom, shouldst thou chance to dislike, at the end of sixteen miles thou may'st bid adieu to for ever.—

I felt the keenness of the reproach, —so poured out my coffee with some degree of shame, and endeavoured to chase away the contemptible mean ideas that were warping my heart, by filling it, my dear JENNY, with thy image.

THE FOUNTAIN.

MAN must have something for his affections to anchor on!— There is no getting forward pleasantly in the journey of life, without having certain pre-eminent objects to which the thoughts may recur, whenever we grow languid by the way, or our path becomes rugged and perplexed.

The *past* appertains to the dominion of memory;—the *future* is the inheritance of hope; and the *present*, which is only our own, by that property of the mind which we term *imagination*, may be pushed aside to make way for its own illusions, when she wishes to enliven the prospect, and spread a sunshine which the *present* does not offer.—

Sweet

Sweet illusions! — amiable deceivers! — how chearfully have ye led my eager steps thro' the state of youth, and solaced me as I journeyed forward with a thousand visionary scenes from the classic page! — Having gained the ascent of life, and shut up my books to read the more complicated volume of the world — when I have found hope disappointed, — confidence betrayed, — kindness forgotten, — and seen around me characters that convinced me vice was not fiction; — then have ye been *as a lantern to my feet*, dissipated the gloom that darkened my course, by lighting me onward to new objects of pleasure, glowing with the alluring graces of undissembled virtue.

Bounteous IMAGINATION! be still my guide, my companion, my friend,

VOL. I.

D

—thy

—thy sensibility may sometimes blacken the storm, or give added strength to the blow of affliction;—but thou bestowest in counterpoise a thousand beams of radiant joy, which are ever playing round minds thou inhabitest—they feel them reflected from each delicacy of sentiment,—each act of humanity,—each triumph of honour!—every thing from the summit of the mountain to the depth of the vale, lives and blossoms for them;—the immense round of creation is theirs.—

It is by thy power, that now sitting in a dirty room over my coffee—far separated from the object I adore, that I can place her image before me as I last beheld it, without losing one tint of colouring—I see the look of tenderness with which she bade me
A
adieu—

adieu—hear the last accents of her voice—still feel on my lips the impression of the parting kiss,—nor wilt thou suffer a single line of the picture to be effaced, till our re-union shall give thee a happier subject.

THE INTERVIEW.

MY heart more than ever reproved me for the doubts I had raised concerning my fellow-traveller, when the landlord opened the door and ushered him into my room—for the instant I cast my eyes toward him, I recalled the features of an old acquaintance whom I had once intimately known at my setting out in life, but whom I had not seen for near twenty years, and conceived to be still in a remote part of the world.

Our countenances mutually testified the pleasure we felt at so unexpected an interview.—We acknowledged one another with great cordiality, and having repeatedly expressed our wonder at the singular chance of our meeting,

meeting, the chaise being now drawn up, we took our seats, and proceeded toward MARGATE.

To such of my readers as may accidentally have experienced similar interviews with any one who has formerly shared their esteem, I need not say how much the faculties of the mind are set in motion on such an occasion.—Memory flies back on rapid wing o'er the years that have passed away, and gives a momentary existence to an hundred occurrences that time had almost obliterated.—The interval lengthens—there are vast chasms for inquiry to fill up—nor is it the impertinence of curiosity, but the nobler motive of regard which seeks the gratification.

THE TWO BACHELORS.

WE did not fail as we drove along to talk over many points that absence had rendered interesting to us both.—You may recollect, says CLERMONT (for that was the name of my friend) that I formerly used to mention some intentions of settling myself in SPAIN, as my mercantile affairs here did not fully answer my wishes,—a favourable occasion offered on a sudden ; and my commerce in a short time became so extended, as to oblige me to visit many parts of the world.—I have seen the sun rise and set in various climates ; and by great industry, and the blessing of providence, have attained the point I kept ever in view, of gaining a sufficient fortune

fortune to live easy in my own country.—'Tis now six months since I left CADIZ, after having settled my nephew in my house, whom you formerly remember a tall lad, and who informed me that he had accidentally met you a few years ago on the road near BOLOGNA, under some little circumstances of distress.

'Twas a trifling business, said I, though it brought to my knowledge *an event* I would not willingly have missed ;—but of this at our leisure.—The number of years that have elapsed since we last met make a great revolution in human affairs,—I then saw you a bachelor, but suppose I may now greet you with the happier titles of husband and parent.—

They are titles, my old acquaintance, replied CLERMONT, that would

not have been displeasing to me; but in truth you see me the same *isolé'd*, unconnected creature I was then.—In the earlier part of life my thoughts were more engaged on making a fortune, than in seeking a companion to share it with me—and by the time the first object was attained, I began to fear it was almost too late to think of the last.—I will however ingenuously own that I lament my error, as I am convinced all our fraternity must do.—I feel it more sensibly every day—feel those chasms in life—those pauses in happiness—which are only at my age to be filled up with domestic pleasures.

Lord BACON, says I, hath written an admirable essay on this subject, which I wish all single men would bind up with their almanacks, that it might
be

be in their eye whenever they were noticing the lapse of time.—Our notions of women change as we change.—In youth love generally overpowers reason; but the bachelor who has seen his fiftieth year, seldom fails to let reason overpower love—to explain myself better, the passion by that period is not an equal match, and the remains of its force are scared away or weakened, either by absurd prejudices, or contracted habits, which we grow too irresolute to resign; therefore — — —

—But why do we stop? cries CLERMONT.—

Only to give the horses a pail of water, replies the postillion—we always just refresh them at coming into the island.—

Nay, prithee boy, says my friend,
add

add a whisp of hay to it, and we'll look about us while they take breath.— I think, continued he (addressing himself to me) that since I left ENGLAND, luxury hath made so many dissipated people, who having no business *any where*, are flying post *every where*, that these hackneyed animals, for ever panting in the harness, are become the greatest objects of our compassion.

THE TWO BACHELORS.

AS my companion was a stranger in these parts, I endeavoured, while we were out of the chaise, to describe to him what had been the course of the sea when it gave THANET the distinction of an island.—Its ancient bed is now transformed into a fertile valley;—nor is it less surprising, that the progress of such a singular revolution of Nature should stand unmarked by any authentic record.—

As we drove on we resumed the conversation that had before engaged us.—I believe, says I, what I have mentioned, is that which in general forms a barrier to men, who, at a certain time of life, make love by reflection. *Caution* then usurps the place

place where *Confidence* only should sit, and leads us too frequently into such ungenerous ideas of the sex as to deny them credit for half their claims.—It is our conduct towards them which calls their virtues forth; and the excellencies of a woman are never fully dilated till she is united to the man she loves.—The rule holds equally strong with regard to *us Bachelors*—and I am persuaded that tho' marriage is a lottery, there are prizes in it to justify every adventurer.

We must e'en make the best, replied CLERMONT (a little gravely) of the errors, as well as the events of life.—My relations at least will not blame my diffidence, and I have some worthy my care—which is saying a good deal as the world goes.—It is to visit a sister who has taken up her
summer

summer residence at MARGATE, and to wait the arrival of an INDIA ship, soon expected, that I am drawn thither.

—But I perceive, my friend, that you still style yourself a single man.—Whence comes it, that having so high an opinion of the tenets of matrimony, you have not been yet converted to its creed?

From two causes, Sir, that have influenced all the occurrences of my life:—ill-health—and ill-fortune.—The first has called my attention too much to myself—the latter given me but little claim to the attention of others.

Nature, when she wove together the different threads which compose my whimsical existence, seems, every here and there, from the weakness of
the

the materials, to have dropped a stitch, so that had I not exercised the greatest care, the whole piece must long ago have unravelled.

This care has, since we last saw each other, carried me half over EUROPE, and is now carrying me to breathe again the sea air, which always recruits me ; and my saddle horses are gone forward, that I may enjoy it with advantage.—The blade however is much better than the scabbard,—and my good spirits make me maintain a sharp battle with my infirmities.

You may remember that I launched out into the world with no inconsiderable connections, and early learnt that few were of real value to me.—I might indeed have been mired on some solitary living, and buried from all society in a lonely village, or might
have

have gained a paltry annuity by leading a gaping boy over the continent—but desirous to enjoy life on my own plan, I sat down unambitiously on my small patrimony, and unable to stretch my fortune to my wishes, found myself grow rich, by compressing my wishes within the limits of my fortune.—

My only quarrel with the blind goddess is, that she has opposed me in pursuits most interesting to me.—Fond of female converse, and possessing brisk spirits, and imagination, I have been perpetually nursing up attachments till they kindled into a flame; but there was ever some greedy father, capricious old aunt, or miserable wretch, in the way, who served as a wet blanket to stifle its progress.—It ceases to be a wonder that the con-
jugal

jugal chain galls so many who wear it, when one observes interest, or persuasion so often influencing a contract which choice only should bind.— However, my stars have at last guided me to a woman as independent as she is amiable, to whom I look forward for all my future happiness.—

—In saying this, my dear JENNY, all thy virtues pressed on my mind, and my heart gave me a secret intimation that not a single hope should be disappointed!—

CLERMONT expressed a joy at my being near an attainment of what he so much regretted the want of himself; and perceiving we were now entering MARGATE, my friend on setting me down at the lodgings that had been taken for me, told me, he hoped we should have frequent occasions

sions of renewing that intercourse which we had formerly enjoyed ;—you will find me, added he, at my sister's, whom I can introduce to you as a valuable woman, and who has taken up her quarters at the house (as she informs me) of an ancient fisherman, whom she calls Commodore CROUCH.

—As I live he is my old acquaintance.—I am glad you sleep under the roof of so honest a man :—If you love reading characters, you will find contentment better described in his plain manners, and in his weather-beaten countenance, than in all the treatises that have been written on the subject.

MARGATE.

I HAVE known a meer *collector* of books return in great spirits from an auction with some choice volume, which, when purchased, he knew not in what part of his library to place—being *chart. max.* it would not readily range with smaller brother quartos—among folios it lost its consequence;—’tis tried on this shelf—then on that;—here it is not sufficiently conspicuous—there its binding does not properly contrast—a whole line of long established authors must fall to the ground to make room for the stranger,—and as much time is often bestowed to procure the poor book a settlement, as it originally took to be printed.—Indeed when this labour of

3

whim

whim is over, it frequently remains ever after undisturbed by the owner, and keeps its station till the next heir sends it, with all its companions, to the CHRISTIE of the day, to experience a similar fate from some other literary virtuoso.

—Now life is much too short to be passed in trifling arrangements—those who possess little, readily find a corner to lay it down in ;—and as all my moveables lie in a narrow compass, and having been an itinerant myself through the world from the age of twenty, I am as perfectly settled and at home whatever place I go to, in three hours, as I am when I have remained in it as many months ;—’tis but unstrapping my chaise trunk, laying out my odds and ends, and the affair is over.—

This temper of mind is to be acquired by a resolution to be contented with things as they turn out, and an endeavour to deduce some pleasure from every object one meets.—

Without this disposition, I would counsel no man to set out on his travels—he had better be arrested for debt, and seek no bail, than get into a post-chaise on such a design.—Hence half our voyage-writers, viewing the world in ill-humour, have seen and described it ten times worse than it really is.

A splenetic acquaintance of mine, to vary a scene of idle life, resolved to make an extensive tour on the continent, and set out with an intention to visit half the globe.—The crossing from DOVER *naturally* made him sick—the vessel reached CALAIS at
low

low water, so that the harbour was *naturally* dry—the boatmen who took him to shore *naturally* imposed on him in their demand—the officers of the customs gave him *naturally* some little trouble.—The room he was put into at the inn had no carpet—he conceited he should catch cold—and this occasioned Monsieur DESSEIN's *fricassée* to be intolerably ill drest.—*I wish I was at home again!* said he—and so would have wished all thy friends, had they seen thy melancholy plight.—On he would go, tho' imaginarily ill—and every thing of course went on ill with him.—The French roads were abominable—the great Gothic church at AMIENS was nothing to ROCHESTER cathedral—the capital scarce bigger than WESTMINSTER — and the *Hotel des Invalides*

not to be compared to the Horse-Guards at WHITEHALL.—

If thine eye so perversely considers all it vieweth—if so many disappointments cross thy little pilgrimage to PARIS, how wilt thou ever in peace reach JERUSALEM?

Why he never did, nor went one step farther;—disgusted with every thing—because disgusted with himself, he turned back to pester his friends with his grievances—after fretting himself into a bilious complaint which BATH waters cannot wash away—the cause being too remote for their operation.

M A R G A T E.

T*OUT* est arrangé (said my honest French valet, who had made the tour of EUROPE with me) *Monsieur n'a rien à faire*—by which I understood that the contents of my trunk were disposed in proper order.

— Then I have not a care to my back, says I, except what my solicitude for the object of my affection constantly inspires;—so while I eat my breakfast I'll e'en think *what I have to do here?*

This is indeed a question I have asked myself in many a remote city and province; and I will ingenuously own that I have too often been unable to give myself a satisfactory answer,—

At MARGATE however the reply was ready—'twas to recruit my health.—'Twas business enough—I wish I had had a better errand.—

I was loitering over my tea in the most perfect idleness, running over an odd volume of GIL BLAS which lay in my landlady's window, and had so thoroughly lost myself in some of his admirable scenes of human life, that my servant brought me my things to dress, before I had considered on my plan of operation.—The matter however was soon decided by the arrival of my friend CLERMONT, who insisted that I should devote the day to him and his family.

During my residence at MARGATE I passed much of my time
 5 amongst

amongst them, and found myself indebted to their society for many of my most pleasurable hours.

AMELIA, CLERMONT's sister, was at that period of life when a woman of good understanding, and of amiable manners, finds the attention of our sex secured to her on the justest claims, and has but little to regret from the departure of youth.—She was the widow of a rich HAMBOURGH merchant, was of a sprightly, humane disposition, and possessed such a combination of excellent qualities, as rendered her a most valuable character.

Having no children, she had conceived a very partial esteem for a young lady then with her, whose name was MARIANNE, whose deceased

ceased mother had been thro' life one of her most intimate friends.—

AMELIA never spoke of her but in the most affectionate terms, calling her often her adopted daughter; and gave me to understand that, MARIANNE on the death of her father four years before, being left without any near relations but a brother, whose conduct towards her had been in the highest degree reproachable, she had solicited her to accept of her own care and protection, wishing to become as a second mother to her.—Nor do I know, added AMELIA, whether her own merits have not even more gained on my love, than the remembrance of the amiable friend from whom she sprang.

MARIANNE was in her twenty-fourth

fourth year, was tall, and elegantly formed,—she had in her countenance that air of sensibility, which, when accompanied with a pleasing set of features, hath ever struck me as more than equivalent to that unmeaning regularity of face, which in general constitutes more perfect beauty.—Nature had bestowed on her an admirable understanding, which had been greatly improved by a more advantageous sort of reading than the younger part of her sex usually adopt.—She had great ease and vivacity, tempered with a serenity of mind peculiarly pleasing, yet her spirits were at times somewhat clouded over, but which I accounted for from the family disquietude which AMELIA had above communicated to me.

As

As I shall have occasion to introduce these ladies again to the reader, I have given these slight outlines of their characters, every one having a curiosity to know something of those with whom they are accidentally thrown into company.

THE HINT.

IT is observed by somebody (no matter whom, as it is an observation any one might make) that *every body* is to be found *every where* but *at home*; and whoever puts his head into the multitude of public places, which the ingenuity of the age hath invented for dissipation, will not hesitate a moment to allow the justness of the remark.—

Those who travel about from motives of curiosity, are engaged in a pursuit which may, from a variety of considerations, be truly laudable.—

Those who are driven abroad by want of health, carry with them an undeniable passport.—

And

And the children of affliction, who are seeking by foreign objects to divert their attention from some rooted sorrow, will ever be followed by the wish of humanity, that they may attain the point they aim at!—

But I fear the much larger part of those who swell the crowd at places of public resort like this, come with little other intention than to trifle away those hours in company which would at home be heavily borne.—Hence it is that so many people fly from their own spacious mansions, in which they have the means of gratifying every want, and coop themselves up in a miserable contracted lodging, where they must submit to all its attendant inconveniences—and this for the sole purpose of *killing time*.

I must own, Madam, that there
is

is quite the air of knight errantry in the idea.—I see you fall out from the gate of your castle, armed with every wish to subdue your oppressor, but unfortunately wanting the only weapons by which you may disarm him of his power over you.

But we'll argue the point, Madam, for I am a traveller like yourself, tho' (I thank Heaven) not set out on the same errand.—You are come to *kill* time, I to make him *an agreeable companion*.—Besides, you have only yourself to gratify,—I have a large family to look to, and must keep all my readers in good humour.

Killing of time, my dear lady, is a serious business—Every body talks of it as a thing easily effected; but if you will credit what I tell you, all
the

the labours of HERCULES were a flea-bite to it ;—for time is not to be destroyed.—It is just such a thing as the *Polypes*, or (for I hate a simile that does not lie at my elbow) just like one of the *Sea Anemonies* that are found on the rocks of MARGATE, which you may cut long ways, or cross ways, or end ways, or edge ways, or any ways you please, still every part you separate becomes an entire whole, and the parent animal equally perfect as before—Thus when you have slipped off from *time*, days, and weeks, and months, and years, new days, and weeks, and months, and years shoot immediately into their places, and this instantaneous succession must be eternal.—

If my simile is good for any thing,
time,

time, with respect to yourself, is *immortal*, and therefore never to be killed.

Now when one is harrassed by an adversary too powerful to be overcome, it is a wise maxim to win him to our interest.—Besides, the tenderness of your own heart, Madam, would never excite in you a wish to destroy any thing—you do not want to *kill time*, you only wish to prevent him from plaguing you ; and there are a thousand ways by which you may make him *your friend*.—It is not with minds occupied in the avocations of domestic life, or exercised in the duties of professions and business, that *time* opens hostilities ;—he attacks only the idle, and the dissipated, and such whom affluence and luxury have enervated.—We are all naturally

formed for action; and if those who are placed by fortune beyond the toils, the wants, and the anxieties, which the generality of mankind are doomed to feel, would cultivate the many noble pursuits and studies which lie open to them, they might ever have entertainments of their own to revert to in all their leisure hours; nor be compelled to drive about the world with languid countenances, and live on the *miserable charity* of public amusements.

Those who have various resources in themselves, feel that independency of mind which all must covet, nor are ever conscious of the oppressions of *time*; they meet its approach with joy, and only blame the rapidity with which he seems to steal away from them.—Such as have the most of these,

these, will ever be found the happiest ;
—cheerfulness is the natural result of
exertion, and man the only being we
know of in creation to whom time
appears often burthensome.—

For how many centuries did the
successors of Saint PETER make all the
potentates of EUROPE ride behind
them !—and trotted them up hill, and
down hill, over rough and smooth,
just as they pleased to lead the way ;
—for their holinesses always bestrid-
ing a mule, partook a good deal of
the humour of the beast that carried
them.—Our Eighth HARRY was one
of the first who openly quarrelled with
the *pillion*, and resolved to ride single,
and independent ; the advantages of
which ENGLAND hath been sensible of
ever since.—

While we are able, like the POPE,

to ride *foremost*, and keep *time* on the crupper, which is the case of the active, the ingenious, and the happy, we may with more infallibility than the see of ROME ever possessed, assert, that we have *time* at our command; and every thing we meet with attracts and delights.—But if we live at the mercy of *time* by being *behind*, we are dragged on at whatever pace he pleases to move,—the reins are out of our hands, and the whole journey of life grows tedious, and irksome.—

This is merely a hint *en passant*, and my readers remain at full liberty to ride whichever way they like best.—

MARGATE.

M A R G A T E.

IT was one of those delicious mornings when the sun rises in unclouded beauty, and darts in at every window, to solicit the slumberer to walk forth and contemplate the glories of nature.—Having no shutters to my chamber, and lying with yellow curtains drawn round me, I awaked in a blaze of light too irresistible to suffer me to close my eyes again.—

'Tis a morning not to be lost, said I,—so dressing hastily, I sallied out, to inhale its fresh breath from the sea.—The fishing boats were all employed at a distance—the bathing machines all busy in the water—every thing was moving—every thing was gay and chearful.

Having strolled leisurely and pensively along the sands that lead towards BIRCHINGTON, I sat down in my return, on the edge of the low range of rock called THE NAILER, to muse over the tide that was gently stealing in on the flat shore; and while my eyes were wandering over the scene that was spread before me, my thoughts became so totally engaged by it, that they insensibly worked themselves up into the following address.

THE

THE ADDRESS TO THE SEA.

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source
of wonder and contemplation!—

Hail! thou multitudinous ocean!
whose waves chase one another down
like the generations of men, and af-
ter a momentary space, are immersed
for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuat-
ing waters wash the varied shores of
the world, and while they disjoin na-
tions, whom a nearer connection
would involve in eternal war, they
circulate their arts, and their labours,
and give health and plenty to man-
kind.

How glorious! how awful are the
scenes thou displayest!—Whether we
view thee when every wind is hushed,

—when the morning sun, as now, silvers the level line of the horizon, —or when its evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens!—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay!—

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? —What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?—Or search out
the

the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abimes?—

The mind staggers with the immensity of its own conceptions, — and when she contemplates the *flux* and *reflux* of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that DIVINE POWER, which originally *laid thy foundations so sure*, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits *where thy proud waves shall be stayed!*

But from the spot where I am now sitting, I must address thee as that *oblivious flood* into which we plunge to *drown our infirmities*.—How many diseases, real, or imaginary, are now washing off under yonder range of
canvass

canvass machines, drawn up in rows in the water, like a flying camp!—

The *fine lady* withdraws herself from the pleasurable toils of high life, to new brace those nerves which luxury hath relaxed.—

The *bon vivant* who has eat away his stomach, solicits from thee, a new appetite.—

The *antiquated virgin* who has shunned every warmer embrace, flies eager and unattired into thine.—

The *young* and the *healthy* court thee for pleasure—the *barren* to become fruitful—the *debauché* asks of thee a restorative—the *corpulent* a scouring—the *feeble*, strength—the *hypochondriac*, spirits—and the numerous family of the *rheumatic*, a set of muscles more pliant than those they possess.

Good

Good heavens ! what a world of *wants* !—and what *claims*, bountiful Ocean, for thee to answer !—

Whether the diseases of life multiply—or that thy *medicinal virtues* have been but lately discovered, is a question which I leave to the decision of *the college* : certain it is, that thy shores are daily more crowded with suppliants.—Every little town thou wasthest, so swarms now with a species of inhabitants, unknown to it in former times, that the ancient tenants of the place are compelled to stretch out their homely dwellings into more spacious houses, for the admission of the migrating stranger !—This circumstance proves in one sense, a considerable gain to them ; but an evil that accrues from it is, that neither their manners, nor their morals, remain long

long what they were;—the incursions of the opulent and the profligate disturb their peaceful domains; while their *examples* excite desires unfelt before, and which being felt, cannot always be gratified but at the expence of integrity.

The old inhabitant possibly takes his revenge by imposing on the stranger as much as he can; but alas! how greatly is he a loser on the whole! —Could he ever have reflection enough to strike the balance, he would find the gain which arises from the exercise of low cunning, is but a poor exchange for that *calm plainness* which is the moderator of the heart, and that *simplicity* which is the guardian of virtue.

THE BATHING ROOM.

ON entering one of the bathing rooms, where people assemble and converse, till such time as their turns come to take the machines, I was agreeably surprized to find a face or two among the company which I had three years before often seen in the same place.

We were reciprocally glad at the interview. It is a pleasing circumstance to *invalids* to meet after a considerable absence;—their hopes are mutually fortified, being thereby induced to conceive there is not so much mortality in their complaints as they may have suspected.

My lean carcase was complimented on being plumped out since we had
last

last seen each other;—I returned as gracious a salute to the bilious gentleman who had the civility to tell me so,—but I fear it was in both of us rather the offering of good-nature than truth.

A poor crippled figure, with an eye of languor, was commending the improved looks of a lady, whose face wore the colour of an INDIAN pickle, which was strongly confirmed by a nervous old gentlewoman, who sat in the next chair, shaking like a CHINA Jossie.

The flegmatic—the unfeeling, may tax these little *attentions of humanity* with the opprobrious name of *disimulation*; but I will ever maintain, that it is among the courtesies of life to keep people in good humour with themselves;—I am confident it is the surest method to make them so with those

those about them, and the world rubs on pleasantly by it.—This disposition, if analyzed, may be reduced to a modification of flattery, but 'tis divested of its nauseating quality, rendered palatable, and swallowed with satisfaction.

Now flattery in the gross, unmodified, or, as it is commonly termed gross flattery, asks a most fortunate coincidence of circumstances to make it go down at all ; for if too strong to be stomached, or ill-timed, it never fails to bring disgrace on the person who offers it.

Such was the fortune of a FRENCH *poet* who presented to Louis the xivth, an elaborate ode on the many conquests and triumphs he had obtained ; in which, agreeably to the unintelligible sublimity of ode writing,

ing, he was stiled of *Race Divine*,—*Omnipotent*,—*Immortal*.—It chanced to be the only piece of paper in his majesty's pocket, when a violent fit of the gripes (which can fally even the splendor of a FRENCH throne) had placed the *vi&ccaron*tor of the world on a *chaise percée*.—

Pinched almost to death, and detained on his seat in that humiliating situation, the titles of *Divine*, *Omnipotent*, and *Immortal*, presented themselves at that instant, but as *mockery* and *insult*—the *pride* of the monarch yielded to the *sensibility* of the man, and the ode was applied to that purpose which should ever be the fate of prostituted flattery.—

Most of the company had talked over their own case, which *invalids* are particularly fond of doing, and
all

all had given a judgment on the sea; but in general so contradictory, that had I formed my opinion on theirs, it would have amounted nearly to this—that it thinned and it thickened the blood—it strengthened—it weakened—it made people fat—it made them lean—it braced—it relaxed—it was good for every thing—and good for nothing.—

It will wash you all clean, however, says a grave gentleman in the gallery, if it does nothing else.—

I had, from my first coming into the bathing room, observed the person who threw out this observation, sitting close to the balustrade. He was in a night-cap, and gold-laced hat, wrapped in a great coat, with a silk handkerchief tied round his neck.—As he had remained silent

till now, and had uttered his only sentence in a tone of dry humour, I wished to see a little more of him; and as soon as the machines had gradually carried off the company, I accosted him with the trite question of, Sir, don't you bathe?

Bathe, Sir!—no truly, not I—'tis diversion enough to see others do it.—Wet, or dry, none will be out of the fashion—I see all the folks here, young, or old, take to the water as naturally as the Duck—they seem to me to make a Popish Saint of the sea.—What a cackle did yonder women keep about its miracles,—and the mad dog was not taken into the account neither.—By what one hears in these places, if it were not for broken limbs, all our hospitals might be shut up.—

—The virtues of sea-water, said I,

may be over-rated—but I still think it an instrument of health to many—you are happy to have no *demand* on it.—

I beg your pardon for that, replied my gentleman—presenting me such an enriched full face, as had not obtained its colouring at a small expence—if I have no *demand*, Sir, my physician has sent me for three months from LONDON on a fool's errand—and yet he is an honest fellow too, and I follow his rules—but he prohibits me my *morning whet*—denies me *good sauce* and CAYENNE pepper with my fish—drenches me with salt-water and mutton-broth,—and obliges me to sit and walk two hours every morning by the sea-side, and as many after dinner, in order *to smell the sea mud*.—As it was a high tide to-day I

took my station in this gallery—but I believe (looking at his watch) I have already snuffed up my morning service, and shall now go to the coffee-house to breakfast.—

You smile, Sir (added he) and well you may—for who the devil could persuade one that a bad stomach might be mended by any thing, that did not go into it through the natural channel of the mouth?—

—None—but a *physician*, Sir.—

THE READER'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CONJECTURAL criticism may be considered as extremely analogous to *inoculation*—the operation in both arts being nearly the same ;—a *puncture* or *incision* is made in whatever subject we take in hand, something *foreign* to its *natural* composition *insinuated* into it, whose *subtilty* is to circulate through the whole mass ;—and if there arise from it some *tumours* or *excrescences* which have sufficient force to ripen into *new matter*, the critic and the surgeon have obtained their end.—

Now it is one of the blessings of the present enlightened age, that *inoculation* and *criticism* are made easy to all capacities ; and both so uni-

versally exercised, that an author may as idly hope to escape the small-pox, as that his labours in some part, or other will escape a false interpretation.—The wisest step we can take in either case, is to be *properly prepared* before-hand.

I have therefore ever thought the dividing a work into chapters, the most advantageous mode of writing; for while it offers the reader, who has a long volume to travel through, commodious baiting places, either to take breath, or to take a nap; it gives the author a little leisure to look about him, to consider if he is going on safely, and to guard against every accident that may befall him.—

The greatest obstructions to the successful journey of an author, arise
from

from the different complexion and temper of his readers.—It will of course be as useful to him as a book of the roads, to carry in his mind their various characters, that he may the better perceive which of them he should defend himself against, and which of them it ought to be his more particular aim to please.

Whatever the subject be which he treats of, the generality of those who by accident, or inclination, become his readers, may be ranked under one or other of the following descriptions:

The SUPERFICIAL reader,

The IDLE reader,

The SLEEPY reader,

The PEEVISH reader,

The CANDID reader,

The CONJECTURAL reader.

I may possibly not escape censure for

having omitted the LEARNED reader, to whom so many prefaces and dedications have formerly been addressed,—but this was in the times when learning was possessed by few.—In this age, so enriched by the inundations of the press, every author is to presume that all his readers are learned,—no one being willing to dispute a title which may call in question the validity of his own.—

The SUPERFICIAL reader is one who finds not leisure, or inclination, for more literature than he can take in over a loitering breakfast, or whilst his hair-dresser is adjusting his person.—He contents himself with extracts from *news-papers*, *magazines*, and *reviews*—skims over *title-pages* and *indexes*, and adding to them the smuggled opinions of those who look deeper

deeper

deeper into books, passes at routs and tea-tables for a well-read gentleman.—

The IDLE reader is the reverse of the former.—He is a great peruser of little volumes, but reads without method, or pursuit, not making *knowledge*, but *amusement*, his object.—

—He is in one sense of the happiest class, for he is in no danger of ever reading himself out; so many persons being daily employed to perpetuate his pleasures, by seducing *novels*—little histories, which familiarize *the arts of intriguing*—Memoirs of *Prostitutes*—Anecdotes of *Women of Quality*—and *Lives of Highwaymen*.—

The SLEEPY Reader is ever a man of a dull languid temperament, both of body and mind.—He takes up a book when he can do nothing else,
and

and pores over it, till it drops from his hand ;—or if by repeated attacks he fairly arrives at the *Finis* of a volume, he has waded through it so between sleeping and waking, that it is often a doubt with himself whether he has read it at all.—

No *works of genius* are ever seen on his shelves, they are of too *stimulating* a nature, and would defeat his purpose,—but a plenty of *soporific* treatises, under the varied titles of *Journals*, *Annotations*, *Books of Controversy*, and *Metaphysical Dissertation*.—

An old relation of mine, who died a martyr to the gout, used, as he sat in his study, to estimate his books not from the *pleasure*, but from the *good naps* they had afforded him.—This, cousin, said he—(pointing round the room with

with his crutch)—this is a *composer*—this a *dozer*—every twenty pages of this excellent author is as comfortable as a glass of *poppy water*.—I believe I was near three months *sleeping* through yonder large volume;—and to this worthy little gentleman on the middle shelf, I was indebted for two admirable *night's rest*, when a chalk stone was forming in my toe.—But my most valuable friend is this set of books by the side of my couch.—I call them my *grand opiate*, and as a mark of distinction, my flannel night-cap generally lies upon them.—

Now I am well aware that when these *Sketches from Nature* shall appear, half my readers will be on the tip-toe of curiosity to know how the last-mentioned books were *lettered*; but as I have not I hope a spice of ill-nature

nature in my composition, I publicly declare the secret shall die with me.—

The PEEVISH reader is made up of *conceit* and *ill-humour*—He cavils with the *design*, the *colouring*, or the *finishing*, of every piece that comes before him.—Few have sufficient merit to *extort* his approbation—he had rather even be silent, than commend, and finds his highest satisfaction in discovering faults.—

A man of this cast is an object of compassion ; for in the imperfect state of human labours, he must pass his time very miserably !—

—But let us leave him to the severe destiny of *never being pleased* :—To counterpoise his spleen, behold the CANDID reader appears.—Amiable spirit !—in thee I contemplate the gentleman—the scholar,—the true critic—

critic—slow to censure—eager to applaud!—convinced by what arduous steps superior excellence is attained, thy liberal mind cherisheth every effort of genius, and unwillingly condemns what thy correct judgment cannot approve.—

But, CANDID reader! thy character hath been more happily delineated by a long-admired writer; in quoting whose lines I cannot resist this occasion to say, that they are as strongly descriptive of the amiableness of his own.

—“ Yes; they whom candor and true taste
 “ inspire,
 “ Blame not with half the passion they admire;
 “ Each little blemish with regret descry,
 “ But mark the beauties with a raptur’d eye.”*

* These lines are to be found in an elegant prologue, written by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esquire, to the Tragedy of CLEONE.

The

The CONJECTURAL reader brings up the rear ;—in speaking of whom I desire to be understood as confining my remarks solely to *conjectural* criticism.—He is, or should be, a man of parts, who exercises his ingenuity on deceased writers, by clearing up passages he supposes they left obscure, and interpreting them by his own conceptions — discovering beauties where the author perhaps intended none, and tracing out meanings he might never have in view.—

RODOLPHUS GANDER GUYTCHE, the famous professor at the university of HALL, in his preface to the *three supplemental* volumes of his *commentaries*, printed in *folio* at LEIPSIC, mentions that it was his constant custom, while engaged in that elaborate work, to ruminate on his subject in his

great

great chair, till he insensibly fell asleep:—"During which time," says he, "I always found that my thoughts digested themselves into matter and method, and on awaking, I was able the more successfully to prosecute my labours."

I wish the example of this valuable critic may not have too much influenced succeeding commentators; some of whom adopting the professor's *napping chair*, without possessing his art of rising from it with a clear head, have not always sufficiently separated their *dream* from their *subject*.—

As I make no doubt but that this little work will be read an hundred years hence, when I may probably be out of the way to answer for myself,—it may then happen that some CONJECTURAL READER, canvassing

ing

ing the latter part of the preceding chapter, may sagaciously conclude, from my sending a patient *to smell the sea mud* for his recovery, that I thereby meant to ridicule the practice of physic.

To save his penetration the triumph of such a discovery, as well as to rescue that page from the burthen of a note, I hereby avow, that I entertain the highest esteem for *the faculty*, and consider the physicians in general of this kingdom, as by far the most learned body of men it possesseth,—combining with their particular knowledge so beneficial to mankind, all the most liberal and extensive sciences,—and when to the superior abilities of a HEBERDEN, I can see united that distinguished humanity, and that sweetness of manners which
adorn

adorn his amiable life,—it forms such a character as we must ever look up to with love and respect.—

I had future occasions to know that the person I conversed with in the bathing room was *Mr. Deputy GRISKIN*, an eminent broker of the city,—a thorough *bon vivant*,—who sang a jolly song—never missed a parish, or city feast—nor finished any treaty for a considerable contract, without making a good dinner at the KING'S ARMS the concluding article.—Having with unwearied appetite eat his way through life, he might probably have eat it to the grave, had not his physician, who knew that abstinence was all that was necessary to reinstate his health, and in whose opinion he placed much confidence—hit on the above-mentioned expedient, to with-

draw him from the *table*, and *bottle*.—

I popped on *Mr. Deputy* GRISKIN six months after, as he was eating a basin of turtle soup at HORTON'S;—when tipping me a wink as I sat down by him—“This is better,” says he, “than your MARGATE water-works;—you find I am out of my leading strings now;—however, the doctor is a very honest gentleman, and I believe I shall have another *smell at the mud* next season!”

THE DIGRESSION.

O Nature! it is to thee that I devote myself, and dedicate my pen!—How dost thou enrapture those who contemplate thy charms!—What dignity, what beauty in thy paintings!—’Tis a hand immortal that hath traced them!—Nothing presses unbecomingly on the sight!—Harmony prevails throughout,—and lights and shades are so blended, and so lost in one another, that all is serenity and repose!—

It is just thus in a *natural picture* of human life, which has not been injured by *vice*, or injudiciously retouched by *art*. The parts being originally *well disposed*, there is a *truth* and *simplicity* in the outlines,—

the intrusions of *affectation* offend not the sense—no *false colouring* disturbs the design;—its *shadows*, its *glows*, and its *reflections*, are all found just;—and good-humour, like the orb of day, gives a sun-shine to every feature, and finishes a piece we can never look on but with pleasure?—

—More might be made of this allusion—but as I hate to run a thought to death, I'll leave it to those who love the sport.—It has sufficiently answered my purpose, which was only to conduct my reader to the beginning of the next chapter.

THE PARADE.

THOSE who have paced the *Pan-*
tiles at TUNBRIDGE, or the *Steine*
 at BRIGHTHELMSTONE, will, I doubt
 not, be startled at the boldness of a
 writer, who should prefer the *Parade*
 at MARGATE to either.—But I must
 ever decide in favor of *nature*, as long
 as my voice can articulate a note of
 approbation.—

—*Mon dieu !* cries my man of taste,
 as he is sipping his chocolate, *est il*
possible ?—I expected as much.—

Now I hold, that whoever opposes
 another's opinion, even in matters of
 no moment, is bound in honour to
 declare what his own is founded
 on.—

Among the errors of the present

age, it is not the least that we become every day more the mimics of one another;—we are not less assiduous in casting our manners, and our sentiments, into the prevailing mode of behaviour, than we are in cutting our cloaths to the reigning fashion—in both, avowed imitators of the FRENCH, though eternity will overtake us before there will be a probability of our being really like them.

Foreign nations have constantly remarked ours, as abounding with a greater *diversity of character* than any other.—Our genius gives the inclination, and the independency of individuals allows us the indulgence of it.—I am concerned to add, that this remark is continually growing less authorized;—we are moulding ourselves

I

selves apace into *one shape*,—and I fear the future novelist, or comic writer, will find himself obliged to paint more from idea, than from real life.

Large companies, composed of people of a superior station, exhibit but so many personages of the same cast, distinguishable only by the gradation of age, or beauty.—If you would look for manners untainted by affectation, or marked with simplicity, they must be sought among those of a middle rank, or of no rank at all.—The progress of fashion hath not yet so swept from the walks of this place, that *diversity* I have been speaking of, but that there still are to be met with, many plain, unrefined characters, intermingled with the more polished crowd. The frequent *im-*
ports and *exports* of the Hoys con-

stantly maintain the inequality, and spread a more spacious canvass.

—The decent tradesman slips from town for his half crown, and strolls up and down the Parade as much at his ease as he treads his own shop.—

His wife, who perhaps never eloped so far from the metropolis before, stares with wonder at the many new objects which surround her,—her eyes speak her pleased with every thing—and the openness of her heart confesses it; careless of the scornful sneer of more improved travellers.

The farmer's rosy-cheeked daughter crosses the island on her pillion, impatient to peep at the LONDON females—Do but observe, Madam, with what astonishment they glance at one another, as if they had mutually seen their *antipodes*.—Heavens! would you
 9 ever

ever have imagined them to be of the same sex and country?—

The LONDONER views with a disdainful surprise, the awkward straw hat, and *exposed ruddy countenance* of the rustic nymph; who in her turn, scrutinizes the *inexplicable coiffure* of her criticiser, unable to conceive what can have befallen the *features of a face* of which the *nose* is the only *visible* sign.—

But hark!—the loud giggle—and the toss of the head, which denotes it belongs to *somebody*—proclaim the best company arrived.—Every female reposing on a long crook-stick, half as high again as herself; that one would swear they were just arrived from a nutting party in the woods.—All is clatter—all is motion,—the crowd thickens with fine gentlemen, and
fine

fine ladies ; while their echos, in the forms of valets and chambermaids, fill up the side scenes, and enrich the group.—

The *plain fisherman* leaning over the rails of the *Pier*, attends to, and contemplates, the jargon of all the pretty men and women who pass and repass him, without envying the first, or feeling a wish excited for the latter.—The truth is, his levelled, circumscribed ideas, never attained the dull sublimity of polished life—it is written in characters to him unintelligible, and one line of *Nature* is worth it all.—

SAINT LAURENCE.

THERE reigns through most part of the Isle of THANET, and particularly so, for many miles around MARGATE, such an extraordinary neatness in the husbandry, that the fields, which lie chiefly open, appear like a wide extended garden, presenting the eye on every side with fertility and beauty; while the trimness of the many villages, which are scattered over it, shews that the hand of industry prevails throughout.

As the sea air, and exercise, are more beneficial to me than a course of *mud-smelling*, I generally pass four or five hours every day in rambling over this delightful scenery.—

In one of my rides the other morning,

ing, I accidentally met with an acquaintance, who had taken a little habitation for his summer residence, within half a mile of RAMSGATE; whom I promised to take a family dinner with the first opportunity.—

As my valet (whom I have mentioned before) was setting down my breakfast on the table, I perceived his hair, (which was at this hour generally *en papillote*) dressed out to the best advantage; and his black cravat very nicely adjusted.—By his appearance I suspected there was something in the wind.—After fidgetting about the room, and moving half a dozen things which were *not* out of their place, whilst he gained courage to speak, the business came out with — *Apparemment, Monsieur ne sçait pas, qu'il*

qu'il y a une Fête cet après midi à SAINT LAURENT?

At SAINT LAURENCE? — Why, that is just the place where my friend lives!—

After looking wistfully at me, the sequel of his intelligence was an humble request, that if I had no particular occasion for him, he might be permitted to take a walk over there himself.—

—A FRENCHMAN'S spirits are always in full flow.—The name of a *Fête* is every thing to him;—and he makes a *Fête* of almost any thing.—

—Thou mayest enjoy it and welcome—says I,—and I'll go to SAINT LAURENCE too, and see my friend—so step up to the stable-yard, and give orders for my horses to be ready
at

at noon.—He left the room with a look that told me how much he thanked me.—

—And now, LA PIERRE, whilst thou art running with a light foot, and still lighter heart, to see every thing prepared to my wish, thou shalt be followed by the eulogium of a master, on whom thy faithful services, as we have long journeyed together, have not been thrown away!—Thy unshaken honesty hath claimed my confidence!—thy artless attention my regard!—Whilst, with unwearied diligence thou hast gallopped after me through FRANCE and ITALY, full many and many a dreary league, how often hath thy address overcome difficulties!—Thy hilarity amused!—thy simplicity instructed me!—But it is in other scenes than these that I shall

shall introduce thee to my reader, should ever my indolence allow me to offer the public those travels.—Then shalt thou make no inconsiderable figure on my page!—and thy character, of which I now but faintly trace the outlines, shall receive from my grateful hand the just colouring it deserves!

THE RUNNING MATCH.

WHEN a FRENCHMAN, as I have hinted before, talks of a *Fête*, one is often at a loss to know what may constitute it.—It is frequently enough for him, that a number of people are assembled in their holiday cloaths—whether for the purpose of *canonizing a saint*, or to form a *guinguette*, is not material.—Nay, had there been no more than a gingerbread fair at SAINT LAURENCE, LA PIERRE would have probably gone thither, and returned too, perfectly satisfied.

—But it happened to be something better—for it was really a *Fête du Village*, called in this country a RUNNING MATCH; which is an amusement
common

common in these parts, though I had never myself seen one of the kind, either in the island, or elsewhere.—

As my friend, after dinner, proposed we should be spectators of it, he obligingly gave me a few particulars relative to this species of rural sports.

A certain number of young men, who are active and expert at the business, for a trifling sum collected among themselves, challenge each other to contend in a **RUNNING MATCH**.—They divide into two sets, as opponents; usually about eleven on a side, though sometimes more; each party wearing a particular coloured ribband tied about their arms, to distinguish them from their adversaries.

Their method of running as I understood,

derstood, was, that each side when they stripped for the contest, deposited their cloaths for their respective goals, at the distance of eight or ten rods from one another ; and thus arranged, stand prepared for the race.—As soon as it is agreed which side begins, one of that side sallies from the goal, who when he has ran out four or five rods, is marked and chaced by one of his antagonists ; whose endeavour it is to pursue him, so as to be able to lay his hand upon some part of his body ; which if he effects, this is called *giving a stroke*.—But to prevent this effect, he, who departed *second*, is, after he advances four or five rods, pursued in his turn by another of the *first* party ; and this last man in the same manner by another of the *second* party, and so alternately, one after

after another; each striving by pursuing his adversary, who went out immediately before him, to divert that adversary from being able *to give the stroke* to the man he was aiming to lay hold of, by awakening his attention to his own security; each contender also taking every precaution in his power, to keep to himself a retreat open to that goal from whence he set out.

Those racers, who are expert, and have been much accustomed to this sport, will chace each other frequently for a long time, before there will be a single *stroke* received on either side.

As soon as it happens that a *stroke* is given, the race is immediately stopped, and every man returns to his respective goal.—The party that has

lost *the stroke* then renew the race as before, and whichever side obtains the *first seven strokes* becomes the victor of the day.

To prevent any dispute that may arise concerning *the stroke*, each party before the race begins, chooses an *umpire*; who are placed on the most convenient spot for observing the match, and by whose decisions all differences are adjusted.—But these are the sports of pleasure—of health—and of simplicity,—far unlike those pernicious games introduced by wanton luxury, which disturb the tranquillity of the mind, and agitate every passion of the heart.—Here *emulation* is the sole point in view—each being ambitious to shew his agility and strength.—All is conducted with good humour and amity;—nor is it the least pleasing

pleasing part of the scene, that when the contest is over, the *victors* and the *vanquished* divide the triumph; the former expending the prize in a rural supper prepared on the spot, at which they are only distinguished from the latter, by sitting at the upper end of the table.—

—My friend added, that he believed there would be many people on this occasion, as the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, was one of the race; who, though a remarkably fleet and experienced youth, had not run this summer, having as it was thought, been pining for love of a young woman of MANSTON, who was an heiress with five hundred pounds in her pocket.—But it is generally conjectured, says he, that FANNY is in reality as deeply smitten

as RICHARD, and only withholds her answer for the pleasure of being dangled after by her admirer.—

When we had walked down to the place of contention, it presented us with a most interesting scene.—It was a field surrounded with a hedge, that bloomed with briar-roses and wild honeysuckles,—on one side was a small plantation of trees, under which was raised an awning of sail cloth, tied from stem to stem, forming a kind of large tent, beneath which the tables for the supper were placed.

The grass was covered with many people from the neighbouring villages, assembled in their Sunday cloaths,—while these formed an extended circle, and had their attention fixed on the young men, who
were

were exerting their abilities in the race, several rural females were employed in twisting wreaths of wild flowers round the bottoms of the trees that supported the tent; and others, in blending together garden ones, which they had brought in little baskets, into nosegays and chaplets, to present all the contenders with when the match was finished.—

LA PIERRE had run away with half his dinner for fear of losing a moment of the *Fête*.—It was the scene in the world for him!—His vivacity,—his good-humour,—his broken ENGLISH—and his infinite attention to everything that wears a petticoat, excite him to be ever offering his service—and renders that service ever engaging.—I could not but smile to see him bustling about with the country

girls, and assisting them in tying up their flowers—for LA PIERRE has the vanity to believe, that no man can compose a *bouquet* so gracefully as himself.—

All the runners were stript in their shirts, with white linen breeches, and white stockings ; and each had a silk handkerchief tied round his waist.—It was hardly necessary for my friend to point out the farmer's son whom he had mentioned, as his manly figure, and superior agility, had before distinguished him to me.—Indeed nothing but habitude could produce in all of them, that fleetness of foot, and the rapidity exercised in their repeated revolutions;—and we may suppose that each exerted himself to the utmost, from the interest he might feel in the approbation of the rural maidens

maidens who were spectators of the race.—FANNY was indeed by no means an unmoved one—she had on a little straw-hat, lined with pink, and a flowered linen gown, tied with ribbands of the same colour, and pinned back to shew a pink petticoat beneath—an air of modesty, and the hue of health, more marked her countenance than any particular beauty in her features.—As soon as she was shewn to me, I noticed her eyes following with eagerness every turn of her admirer; and sufficiently read in her looks the interest he had in her heart—though whenever he accidentally passed near, and glanced his view towards her, she affected to turn her's aside, and conceal her attention.—

As we walked between the trees,
to

to observe their decorations, and the rustic manner of setting out the supper, the young women shewed a satisfaction in seeing us so taken with their sports.—While I stood by FANNY, I could not help expressing to her my pleasure in being fortunately present at so truly a pastoral scene.—She replied, with a blush, “It suits very well, Sir, such folks as we.”—It is such only, says I, that can perfectly enjoy it ;—half the great people of the world would be unworthy of it—the insipid *refinements* of life *exclude* them.—She looked at her companions, and smiled.—

Long was the contest on either side, and arduously urged on both—but now the shouts of the circling spectators declare the match decided, and RICHARD the foremost of the victors.—

tors.—All run to congratulate them—and as the disputants draw toward the tent, some of the maidens present every champion with a *nosegay*, and each of the conquerors with one of the little *chaplets* they had prepared, which they immediately bind themselves round his head.—

Most of the villagers who came to the sport, now gradually retire, while the young women who are connected with the runners, are busied in placing the cold supper on the tables.—LA PIERRE could not avoid lending a hand, and diverted them all with his officious good humour.—

Every thing arranged, those who have obtained the victory, and after them, the subdued, present the *bouquets* they have received to the nymph whom they wish to have next them
at

at supper, and who is after of course to be their partner in the dance.—

O RICHARD ! 'tis now thy trial comes !—I who have long breathed, and still breathe under the influence of love, who know how much it opens every channel of the heart, and sets each delicacy of sentiment afloat,—how doth my sympathizing bosom feel for thee in this critical instant !—I see thee offer with an air of diffidence, this *pledge of distinction* to thy FANNY.—I see pictured on thy countenance the struggles of hope and fear,—and her acceptance urged by looks, that art is too weak to describe !—She recedes—but recedes reluctant.—I view thee still with ardour persevere—the very roses tremble in thy chaplet, and add a new grace to thy brow !—

—And lo ! thy mistress turns less
averse ;

averse;—she doubts—she deliberates—
 she almost resolves—she lifts up her
 eyes, and beholds her lover crowned
 a *conqueror*;—she receives the *nosegay*
 from his hand—and compleats his
triumph!—

RICHARD, who was known to my
 friend, most pressinglly solicited us
 to partake of their entertainment, and
 seated us by himself and FANNY.—
 After the repast, which consisted of
 cold meat, a little shell fish, with
 some fruit, and vegetables, a goblet
 of home-made wine went round the
 table, in salutation of the victors, and
 in wishing future success to those who
 had missed it to-day.—It was alto-
 gether so unexpected a scene of na-
 ture, and simplicity, that I almost
 fancied myself in the plains of AR-
 CADIA,

CADIA, by seeing thus realized the fictions of poetry.—

The supper ended, they all rose up at the sound of the tabour and pipe,—and each taking out the partner he had before made choice of, they began the dance, which was to close the evening with the same temperate festivity.—

My heart was so much with them, that I forgot how time stole away, till the full moon, rising slowly from the horizon into a cloudless sky, reminded me of my distance from home.— I mounted my horse with reluctance—and LA PIERRE, who followed in high spirits, observed, as we rode along, that he was sure the entertainment he had seen was never invented by the ENGLISH, as the people were
 5 all

all so polite to each other, and no one quarrelsome or drunk.

The reader will rejoice to hear, that soon after this *Fête du village*, my friend at SAINT LAURENCE informed me, that RICHARD and FANNY had been asked in church the preceding Sunday, “and as the whole neighbourhood,” says he, “so much with their union, there is no fear that any one will forbid the banns.”

D R A P E R ' S .

A Traveller should think nothing below his notice.—Every scene of life is a picture, whereof some part, or other, is worth his attention.—The pencil of the GREAT CREATOR hath spread before us an eternal variety in his compositions; nor charmed us more with the *sublimity of design*, and the *splendid colouring* of some pieces, than by the *modest tints*, and *unaffected truth*, by which he often wins our eyes to less distinguished subjects.—

The ladies, the other day after dinner at CLERMONT's, proposed that we should drink tea at DRAPER's; AMELIA having in her walks, found among the women who inhabit that foundation,

foundation, a person whom she remembered for a long course of years servant to an old lady of her acquaintance.

My reader should be informed, that DRAPER'S is a charity instituted the beginning of this century by a Quaker, as a kind of asylum for eight women, who have each a distinct house and garden; but they are ranged together so as to form one large building, in the centre of which is a meeting-house for people of the founder's profession; and though originally the charity was intended for such, yet now those who are of a different persuasion, may be admitted members.—It is half a mile distant from MARGATE, and as most of the women employ themselves in knitting garters, laces, pin-cushions, &c.

they have every day visitors and customers, in the ladies from that place.—

I will shew you, says AMELIA, as we went along, a very happy old woman ;—her father was a considerable tradesman at CANTERBURY, and educated her well ; but meeting with many losses, and dying insolvent, she was taken as an upper servant and companion, by the old lady I mentioned, who knew well her family ; and who, though extremely rich herself, and bountiful in promises, at her death rewarded a faithful service of near thirty years with a paltry annuity of ten pounds.—Having by her care saved up about two hundred guineas, the added produce of this sum might have made her easy temper perfectly contented ; but trusting it with a nephew (to whom at her de-

cease she meant to leave it) in order to put it out on a good security, he embezzled the whole, and left her without the hope of retrieving a shilling of it.—By the assistance of a friend at CANTERBURY she got placed in this charity, on the first vacancy; and seems, in her little retirement, to have forgotten the disappointments of life.—

AMELIA had drawn the outlines of an interesting portrait, and the sight of the original proved it a just one—for it presented the figure of a little elderly woman, with an eye full of vivacity, and such a calmness in all her features as bespoke the tranquillity of the mind within.—The simple neatness of her person was not more remarkable than that of her little habitation.—Every thing was set in

order—every thing rubbed to a polish.—In one end of the window lay her bible ; in the other, a basket of filks and worsteds, and the implements for her work.—A jessamine-tree nicely trimmed, and full of bloom, covered the outside of her dwelling ; and before it lay her little garden, where not a weed was to be seen, sprinkled with common herbs and vegetables, with here and there a currant bush, and a few white lillies interspersed among them.—

—The pride of man, that is still pursuing happiness amid immense plantations, and extensive territories, must after all its toils, be mortified to find it on such a patch of ground as this !—

AMELIA, who had sent up her tea-chest, made her old acquaintance sit down with us, and busied herself, as
well

well as MARIANNE, in looking over some pin-cushions, and other trifles, which they had employed her to knit, for presents to their friends in town.— I promised you, says AMELIA, that I would one day or other bring up these gentlemen to see you ; and I believe it gives them more real pleasure than going to the ball-room at MARGATE.—

—Ah ! Madam, replied the old woman, what is there to see in such a cottage as this ?—

What a palace will hardly ever shew us, returned AMELIA—a contented heart.—

—“ That indeed, Madam, is a
 “ blessing that Heaven hath bestowed
 “ on me through life—Though I
 “ fear sometimes, that the conduct of
 “ my unfortunate kinsman disturbed

“ me more than it ought—for it
 “ grieved me, that what I had been
 “ years saving for the maintenance of
 “ my age, should be squandered away
 “ in an instant by profligacy.—But it
 “ pleased God it should be so;—and it
 “ pleased him also in my misfortune
 “ to raise me a friend, who unsolicited
 “ obtained for me *the independency* I
 “ enjoy in this place—where I live,
 “ Madam, without a single care—if
 “ I have but little, I want but lit-
 “ tle—my garden, my work, and my
 “ book, fill up the greater part of the
 “ day;—and as a most friendly inter-
 “ course subsists among us all, I can
 “ walk out, or converse with women
 “ of my own age and pursuits, who
 “ are drawing, like myself, toward
 “ the end of their journey, and more
 “ interested to look *forward* to ano-
 “ ther

“ther world, than to cast our attention *backward* on this.”—

Gracious Providence! thought I, how erringly doth man judge of thy dispensations!—not considering that it is from the temper of the heart, not from the exterior parade of fortune, the *decision* must be made.—If the riches and honors of the world are a blessing to some, they prove a burthen to more; and though thrown into the scale of many, thy *impartial* hand holdeth the balance, and giveth in counterpoise *the patient mind*, that possibly outweighs the whole!—

When I contemplated this happy Being at DRAPER’S, and understood that the *independency* she boasted of from that place, was only her little dwelling, six pounds, and half a chaldron of coals a year, and a stuff gown and

petticoat every two years—when I saw such a full stream of content flow from so shallow a source—my bosom reproached me with a thousand recollected weaknesses, and I felt myself ashamed to have been so often put out of humour by the trivial occurrences of life.

THE ACCIDENT.

WE were all so well pleased with our visit, that we chatted and loitered about the little cottage, till the day insensibly was closing on us.

—I think, says AMELIA, as we were walking home, that a card table at the rooms would appear immoderately insipid, after the picture of humble nature we have just taken our eyes from.—If my brother or you have no engagement, suppose we all adjourn to my lodgings, and trust to ourselves for the remainder of the evening.—

The cheerfulness of the little old woman at DRAPER's, had left so sensible an impression, that it still was uppermost in our thoughts,
and

and was talked over again after our return.—

—I wish, says AMELIA, that some ladies of my acquaintance, who are eternally miserable, with every motive to be otherwise, could have been of our party ;—they might have seen with how few materials happiness is built, when the *foundation* is firm.—These are instructive examples, which Providence throws in our way ; and I flatter myself, that I always feel my heart grow better, whenever I converse with a character of this kind.—

The misfortune, Madam, is, that we are all on the full gallop through life ; riding post after our own conceits,—and few, like you, find either leisure, or inclination, to turn out of the way to consider them ;—yet I cannot but think the world abounds
with

with many more of such happy dispositions, than we are in common apt to suspect—though they do not glare upon us in the high streets.—We must not seek them amidst the bustle of competition, but beneath the peaceful shades of retirement.

—I am sure, replied CLERMONT, that several monasteries which I have seen in SPAIN, appear to teem with such characters ; where people of both sexes, at a period when every passion may be supposed the strongest, often voluntarily relinquish not only the pleasures, but even the comforts and necessities of life, and support austerities which long habitude can hardly make tolerable.—It is true, however, that bigotry operates in the place of philosophy,—the motives differ, but the effect produced is the same.—

—Yet

—Yet give me leave to add, continued I, far less serviceable to the cause of virtue.—When I was abroad, I had myself a singular satisfaction in visiting convents;—some you know offer free access, as well as great hospitality to strangers; and by good recommendations to many more, there were few religious orders with whom I had not resided for two or three days.—I am fond as I travel about, of reading mankind, and such a plan, every now and then opened to me some interesting pages.—Nothing can be imagined more absurd than that the SUPREME BEING, who has bestowed on us so many innocent enjoyments to endear our existence, should be enraptured of the votarist who *renounced* his bounty.—The whole system of monastic life is unquestionably

ably subversive of all the ties of society—every delicate affection of the mind, planted in us for the noblest purposes, is extinguished, for want of occasions to call it forth;—and though many of exalted characters live and die unknown, but within their own cloister; yet how much better for the world had the same virtue walked abroad, and permitted *its light to shine before men*!—

It may serve as a contrast to this afternoon's visit, if you will allow me to lead you into a convent of LA TRAPPE, and relate to you a most singular incident that there accidentally came to my knowledge.—

I had very particular recommendations to the PRIOR, who was far advanced in life: he had seen much of

the world, was extremely polite, and communicative, and appeared greatly pleased with my inquiries into their rules and institution.—

During the three days that I remained in the monastery, he allowed me to pass with him most of the hours in which he was disengaged from his devotions and business; and at meal-times consigned me to the care of the FORESTERAIO, whose peculiar province it is to attend, and converse with strangers who visit the convent.—

As I think that there are only two houses of LA TRAPPE existing, it may not be improper to mention, that this sect was first founded about a century ago, with the sanction of POPE INNOCENT THE ELEVENTH, not so much under

under the notion of a new order, as a revival of the original, and strict institution of SAINT BENEDICT.—

Their mode of life is an astonishing proof of the extreme rigour which enthusiasm can impose;—they live on rice, millet, and vegetables;—their fasts are numerous and severe, and they preserve a *perpetual silence*:—let me add to this, that their eyes are constantly bent downward, and the large cowls which cover their heads, exclude them from *ever seeing one another*.—

Yes, AMELIA, your looks may well testify an honest indignation for the violated rights of nature, first trespassed on by the policy of bad men, and supported by the weakness of good.—The GREAT MODELLER of the human countenance never destined it

it for the concealment of the veil :—
 Else wherefore gave he features that
 picture the mind ? and with the light-
 ning's swiftnefs announce each emo-
 tion of the heart ?—Or why bestowed
 he eyes that hold converse ? and
 shooting their intelligence from sex
 to sex, can light up benevolence and
 love ?—As well may one question
 why the tongue was endued with its
 varied powers to inform—to charm—
 to comfort—if folly consigns it to
perpetual silence.—Perpetual silence !—
 There is a horror even in the
 words.—

—But your supper, Madam, is on
 table, and my story will lose nothing
 by being an hour older.

THE ACCIDENT.

WHEN I took leave of my amiable PRIOR, he earnestly requested me to pay him, if possible, another visit before I quitted ITALY, which I assured him I would most willingly endeavour to do;—indeed, both gratitude and inclination prompted me to comply with his wish; but an *accident* made it convenient for me to do it, at a time when I the least purposed it.—

You was mentioning, CLERMONT, that your nephew had met me in TUSCANY, under some little circumstances of distress:—he was at that time hasting up to join some friends at the fair at MANTUA, and I returning to FLORENCE, from an expedition

to BOLOGNA, when we chanced to pass each other on the road, just as I had found myself clear and unhurt, from an overturn of my chaise.— Though he had not seen me of many years, yet my unaltered, meagre countenance, immediately recalled me to his memory.—As he was pressed in time, and my vehicle was now set up again, while they were adjusting all the odds and ends which had tumbled about, I walked a quarter of a mile forward on the road with him, to make a few inquiries after you, before we parted.—

Returning to my chaise, I found the overthrow had been less favorable than I supposed;—a wheel was much damaged; and what was still worse, one of the shafts was almost split asunder.—It was a scene of confusion—

fusion—the postillion swearing by half the calendar,—and LA PIERRE, in spite of all his good humour, quite in a fume—first *diabling* the postillion—then the rope (which a poor Peasant, who was going by with his Afs, had lent them) because it was too short to bind the broken shaft—then the horses—then the chaise—then his *bidet*, who was frisking with the Afs—and lastly, his own jack-boots, which to be more active, he threw off, and had now tumbled over.—

Seeing that every thing was going to the devil at a great rate, I took first a deliberate pinch of snuff, and then a deliberate survey of all my shattered affairs.—The afternoon was far gone ;—to remain in the *Grand Duke's* high-way was impossible;—and

to proceed with safety, without having matters set to rights, was impracticable.—

In this conjuncture it occurred to me, that I could not be very far from **LA TRAPPE**; and inquiring of the Peasant who was lending us his assistance, he told me—“that it was but
 “two little miles within the woods
 “that lay before us,—that he lived
 “near the convent himself—had been
 “to carry a load of faggots down
 “to the village at the bottom of the
 “hill,—and, if I pleased, that he
 “would conduct me thither the nearest way.”—

—A fig, says I, for the little nothings that lie across our road.—A man hath not learnt his **A B C** in philosophy, if he cannot extract some consolatory circumstance from any untoward

untoward event!—A second pinch of snuff settled the preliminaries; which were,—that all hostilities of the tongue should immediately cease—that the chaise should proceed with what ability its situation would admit of, to the next post, which was four miles distant;—and LA PIERRE was appointed *chargé d'affaires* to see all its deficiencies made good, and to escort it up to the monastery the next afternoon.—

The terms acceded to, I left the parties to the due performance of them; and, accompanied by the Peasant and his Afs, we cheerfully turned into the path which led to the wood.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE,

THOUGH I was going forward to a place where *solitude* and *silence* were esteemed to constitute part of a *christian triumph*; yet I could not help reflecting how much we are by Nature disposed for society, and how pleasant a little converse renders our way, whithersoever we are journeying.—

Before we reached LA TRAPPE, my fellow-traveller had made me fully acquainted with all his little concerns;—it was a sketch, slightly coloured, of cheerful industry hard toiling for its daily bread!—Nor did the Peasant omit introducing also the history of the poor Afs, who worked and lived as hardly as himself, yet was now shaking his ears, and trot-
 3 ting

ting briskly before us, with his empty panniers, as conscious possibly as ourselves, that the care of the day was over.—

Vespers were just ended when I arrived at the convent; and the FORESTERAIO congratulating my return, conducted me to the apartments of the PRIOR, who received me in the most cordial manner; and as no mischief had arisen from my accident, was polite enough to call it a favorable one to him.—

We passed together two hours in conversation; the greater part of which was spent in gratifying his curiosity in relation to places and people I had seen since I left him.—Indeed I have had many occasions to observe, that none are more inquisitive after every thing that is stirring in the world,

than Monks, who are presumed to have totally withdrawn their attention from it.—Nature will appear, in spite of all the institutions of folly ;—and I have known men as eager after politics in a monastery, as a *change-alley* broker at JONATHAN'S.—

When it drew near the time of the PRIOR'S retirement, the FORESTERAIO came in to us ; and after sitting a little while, told me, that my supper was ready to serve up ; so wishing my old friend good rest, I withdrew with the FORESTERAIO ; who sat by, and conversed with me, during my simple repast, giving me his company, till I judged proper to retire myself, which I did very early ; when shewing me to the little dormitory I had before occupied, and lighting my lamp, he took his leave as usual.—

Though

Though I had a pretty snug altar by my bed-side, and a flaring virgin suspended over it, I was too much fatigued to implore her intercessions,—but commending myself to all the Saints in the lump, who were protectors of the house, I laid myself down, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep.—

In this oblivious state I should probably have passed the whole night, had I not about three hours after my going to rest, been rouzed out of it, by the tolling of a loud and deep-toned bell; whose echo vibrating along the narrow cloisters, produced a most dreadful and solemn effect.—I knew it was not their usual summons to nocturnal prayer.—I strove to compose myself,—but its repetition as effectually *murdered sleep* as MACBETH'S dagger;—

dagger;—every thing seemed to my ear to be in motion—doors opening and shutting—and numberless footsteps passing and repassing my chamber, which opened into the cloister.—

Twice I sat up in my bed to listen, —twice undrew my curtain,—and twice closed it, and laid down again. —A peep I conceived might throw some light on the affair—so, without thinking once of any of my infirmities, I jumped out in my shirt, and holding the door in my hand, glanced my eyes along the cloister; where I saw several of the brotherhood, covered with their cowls, passing singly through, and crossing a small court, which led to the church.—

What a singular situation, thought I, is my present one!—Here am I on my travels through this whimsical world,—

world,—on tip-toe to observe whatever is passing,—peeping and peering into every corner—possessed also (though upon better motives) of the curiosity of a chamber-maid, to lift up every thing that hath a lid, and see what it covers—and yet in this strange conjuncture am I without the ability of indulging it!—for every one of these fathers, who are now passing me, and of whom I might otherwise enquire, have all vowed *perpetual silence*. —Who knows but there may be some miracle working in the convent!—and what would the *litterati* say when I get back to ENGLAND, should I be unable to give them a philosophical account of it?—

Now a miracle, Madam, was the thing in the world I was the most desirous of seeing;—the very hope that
this

this might prove one, made me whip on my clothes more expeditiously than I had ever done before.—I had read of many—heard of more—nay, had strove hard to obtain one in my own family, by silently promising a *tabula votiva* to at least half a dozen *phthifical* Saints, in order to confute my doctor at BOLOGNA, who had pronounced my cough incurable.—Add to this, that I had missed of a notable one at ROME, by being five years too late there, and by an accident was prevented being present at a famous one in NAPLES :—but disappointment must generally attend those who look for things out of their common course.—

—Now when all, Madam, came to be cleared up, there was not the shadow of a miracle in this business ;—for crossing from the cloister to the
 little

little paved court which I mentioned before, I met the FORESTERAIO, who expressed great concern that I had been thus disturbed.—I returned him the compliment on behalf of himself, and the whole house, requesting to know the occasion of it.—

He replied,—that the PADRE SERAFINO was in *articulo mortis*.—

—God comfort him, said I.—

—And according to the rules of our order, is carried into church on a hurdle, strewed with ashes, to receive the *extreme unction* in the presence of all the brotherhood.—

—The ceremony, said I, must be better for his *soul*, than his *body*;—but if the request is not improper, I would willingly be a spectator of the holy function.

By no means, returned the Fo-

RESTERAIO, |

RESTERAIO, but it is already administered;—however if you will step into the little gallery behind the lattices, where you heard our high mass when you were here before, you will thence see every thing distinct.—

—It was in truth a sight to vibrate all the chords of humanity!—In the middle of the church, on a kind of rush-matted hurdle, lay stretched the figure of an old man, worn to the bone;—his cowl was off, and every feature seemed settled in death; save that an eye-lid once or twice drew up, and instantly fell again.—On his breast lay a little crucifix, which he pressed close, with two emaciated hands; while the PRIOR stood at his feet, and the fathers of the convent all knelt around in solemn silence,—which, after some time, was interrupted

rupted by the PRIOR, addressing himself thus to the dying Monk—"I trust, my brother, that thy confidence remains unshaken."—

—The vow of *taciturnity* reaches but to the confines of the grave.—He was now freed from it,—at liberty to declare his hope, and to exhort those about him, to *continue faithful unto the end*.—But all the faculties of speech were extinguished!—the last effort of life shewed he wished to testify what he could not utter;—he made a feeble attempt to press the crucifix to his lips,—but his hand fell with it,—and the man was dust!—

—The brotherhood now drawing off singly, with bowed heads, and folded arms, I slipped down from the gallery, and returned to my little dormitory.

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

YOU will easily conceive, that the little sleep I obtained from the remainder of the night, was neither composed, or refreshing:—the scene I had been spectator of, had too strongly impressed my imagination; though my waking thoughts in the recollection of it, only pictured to me an old man released from an existence, which pain, and the austerities of his order, might long have rendered burthenfome—quitting a world which he had for years renounced—without leaving behind any object to interest his last moments, or a single creature to mourn his end.—

—Death only is arrayed in full terror when he comes to summon the happy,—

happy, — the fortunate — and rend
 afunder the ties of love and friend-
 ship! —

When the arm of some tender wife
 pillows the head of a faithful husband,
 —when she wipes from his brow the
 cold dew of dissolving nature, —when
 eye meets eye, and in mute elo-
 quence announces the throbbings of
 an agonizing heart! — Or when some
 widowed parent, in the last conflicts
 of life, feels for the future destiny of
 those, whose orphan years must soon
 miss her care! —when she views them
 around her bed — and sees all their
 artless looks directed to her, —when
 the eager clasp, —when the parting
 kiss is given — and the streaming eye
 speaks more than language; — then it
 is, that this *victor of the world* sur-

rounds us with a scene, that humanity wants fortitude to sustain!—

LA PIERRE and the chaise arrived punctual to the time appointed, with all grievances sufficiently healed;—but as my rest had been so disturbed the preceding night, the PRIOR insisted that I should not depart till the next morning, when I might be better refreshed to proceed on my journey; and wished me to accompany him in his evening walk, in the Convent garden.

I had no pretence to decline the proposal;—for in truth my life hath never been so nicely balanced, that the difference of a day could much affect the scale.—

As there may not be many who have taken a turn in this garden,—and as you, Madam, never can,—I
will

will give you a slight sketch of it; and inform you, that both that, and the monastery, are encircled with a wood; that it participates the gloom of the order it belongs to,—that every member cultivates his own solitary spot,—that instead of the luxuriant beauty of odoriferous flowers, is seen only beds of herbs and vegetables, and plantations of tobacco, which all Monks are particularly fond of.—Around it are long walks of pines and cypresses, here and there intermixed with clumps of the same kind of trees; and benches placed at the roots of several of them, designed for repose, or meditation.—

As the PRIOR and myself were sitting under the shade of one of these, near a part of the garden which is separated from the rest by a railing,

and used as their *cimiterio*, or burying-place; my attention was attracted by two Monks, who were digging a grave for the PADRE SERAFINO.—I observed that they presently laid down their spades, and were soon succeeded by one or two more; who, after throwing up a few shovels full, were on retiring, followed also by others, who employed themselves just in the same manner:—it being customary, as the PRIOR informed me, for every one to assist in this duty to a departed brother,—it serving also as a melancholy memento to themselves.—

This led us to enter again upon several particulars relative to the peculiarity of their institution; and I could not but observe to my venerable friend, that I conceived their being absolved when *in extremis*, from their

VOW

vow of *taciturnity*, and permitted to address those of their own fraternity, who were travelling toward the grave, through the same flinty path, must sometimes be the occasion of disclosing very singular feelings, which might for many years have been embosomed in silence.

It undoubtedly hath, says the PRIOR, where nature still remained strong enough to support for a little while its contest with death.—Whatever lies a burthen on the mind, is often in those moments thrown off; particularly when it interesteth the peace of the sufferer.—

About nine or ten years after I was appointed to the office I now hold in this monastery, a similar situation produced one of the most affecting scenes that could be beheld.—The story,

added he, is so much *in the cause of virtue*, that I heartily wish it were better known;—and as you appear to be a traveller both of curiosity and sentiment, I shall be happy to put you in possession of it.—

—I thanked him with a warmth that might testify how much he had excited my attention;—and the PRIOR proceeded thus :

THE

THE STORY OF THE COUNT DE SAINT JULIEN.

THE *Count* DE SAINT JULIEN was descended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money, and of an estate in DAUPHINÈ, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart. — DAUPHINÈ became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in, — the dissipations of PARIS better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into

the politeſt aſſemblies.—He was brilliant in all places of public reſort,—oſtentatious in his gallantries,—and was admitted to many of the *petits ūpés* of the *Eſprits forts*; which are *coteries*, compoſed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleaſantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and ſubſtituting their own pernicious ones in their place.—

SAINT JULIEN had ſoon after his arrival at PARIS, taken an ITALIAN figure-dancer of the opera into keeping; who bore him one ſon, whom he named FREDERIC;—a youth of fine parts,—formed by nature with great ſenſibility,

sensibility,—and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who having, in a long course of dissipated connections, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son;—conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world.—The infidelity of SAINT JULIEN's mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and FREDERIC, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged in such as he

had

had a propensity to himself—the *dignity of a parent* being as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.—

—Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune.—The *Count's* had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted DAUPHINÈ, been annually decreasing;—nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution.—He constantly expended far more than his income, and his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences.—The contract for the old family mansion, with all the remaining

maining land about it, was just completed, and the four thousand *louis-d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life, and fortunes.—

Among *Les Filles entretenues*, there was at that time at PARIS the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmers General*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D'AVIGNON.—She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him.—SAINT JULIEN had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had however bestowed

bestowed a more favorable look on his son, whom she had met in the THUILLERIES, and frequently had conversed with ; and whose youth and elegant figure, had made a sensible impression on her heart.—For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingenuousness of mind, which must continue to please as long as nature hath a charm.—

It chanced that FREDERIC, coming one evening out of the FRENCH comedy, found the CLAIRVILLE in one of the passages of the theatre, waiting for her coach ; which by some accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up.—With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out ;—and the result of half an hour's

hour's attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at the masquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend;—intimating at the same time that D'AVIGNON had business which would call him some leagues from PARIS,—and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.—

FREDERIC, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the CLAIRVILLE.

SAINT JULIEN concealed the surprise

prize he felt at this intelligence—the contempt which had been shewn him by that lady, recurred with fresh poignancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to FREDERIC; he however so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to appear in the least discomposed, and advised him by all means to pursue the affair.—

—When a father is so unprincipled as to become a rival to his son, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind so totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the despicable meannesses of the *Count* in seizing this occasion to revenge himself of a woman,—and by exposing her infidelity to D'AVIGNON, ruin her power;—not in the blindness of his passion foreseeing the ill consequence

10

that

that might happen to his son in this business.—

The *Farmer General* receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, “ that the next masquerade “ might discover, if he possessed the “ affections of his mistress so fully “ as he imagined,” doubted for some time whether he should pay any attention to its writer;—but jealousy is a passion easily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years.—He resolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to PARIS time enough to be present at the masquerade.—As he was ignorant of the CLAIRVILLE’s dress, he might in so large an assembly have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of
anxious

anxious search, at last discovered her, by means of some jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself.—He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her,—observed she conversed with no other,—and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received.—He watched them with earnestness and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant the house he kept for her.—The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party;—but the instant that D'AVIGNON had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper room, and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw
 them

them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them, — with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy ;—and drawing a sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour.—FREDERIC throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'AVIGNON's own swords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were ; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words—but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life ; and in the rencounter mortally wounded the *Farmer General*.—CLAIRVILLE fell into a swoon, and FREDERIC fled instantly out of

the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.—

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'AVIGNON did not survive many hours.—Though SAINT JULIEN enjoyed in idea, the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct toward him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result, than her disgrace;—never conceiving that from such a connection as D'AVIGNON had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him, to oppose the arm of age, to the vigour of youth.—He felt himself however when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation—it was a painful suspense, between
hope

hope and fear—he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son,—and feared also that the great influence of the *Farmer General*, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of FREDERIC.—He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any inquiry, lest he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted; till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant, by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.—

—“My rendezvous with the CLAIR-

N 2

“VILLE,

“VILLE, to which you so strongly
 “prompted me, hath been attended
 “with the most dreadful consequences
 “—we were surprized immediately
 “on our return from the masquerade
 “by D’AVIGNON, who flew at me
 “with the madness of an assassin.—
 “It was in vain that I attempted
 “every thing in my power to appease
 “his passion—I was at last necessi-
 “tated to oppose violence, to vio-
 “lence, and in defending my own
 “life, I have but too much cause
 “to apprehend, that I have deprived
 “him of his.—

“In the hours of horror which I
 “passed since, I have been awakened
 “as from a dream, to a just sense of
 “myself.—I view with despair my
 “youth plunged so early into vice,
 “and stained with another’s blood!—

“ Terrible

“ Terrible as my reflections are,—
 “ they turn with indignation on a
 “ parent, who instead of guiding my
 “ steps to virtue, hath trained them
 “ in the paths of profligacy ; and by
 “ his own wretched example deceived
 “ his son into ruin.—

“ By the time that this reaches
 “ you, I shall be many leagues from
 “ PARIS.—To fly from myself is im-
 “ possible,—but I will hasten to some
 “ distant part of the world, where
 “ the fatal errors of my life may be
 “ unknown ; and strive with repent-
 “ ant tears to amend a corrupted
 “ heart.—

—“ Unconnected — forlorn — and
 “ friendless, — my necessities have
 “ compelled me in the moment of
 “ departure, to deceive your banker
 “ into the payment of half the money

“ lodged in his hands.—I can hardly
 “ regard this action as criminal, when
 “ I consider this little sum as the all
 “ I can share, of a noble patrimony,
 “ squandered away in extravagance,
 “ and which, had honour governed
 “ your life, I might have inherited.—
 “ With this I must push my future
 “ destiny ;—what it may be, is un-
 “ known—and will ever remain so to
 “ you ; as this will probably be the
 “ last you will hear of your

“ Lost, and unhappy

“ FREDERIC.”

SAINT JULIEN on reading this letter, for the first time felt the *dignity of virtue*.—He almost sunk at the reproaches of a son, of which his own conscience confessed the justice ;—and he had the additional misery to reflect,

reflect, that he was the secret cause of the fatal event which had driven him away for ever from his sight.—Though this was a circumstance lodged within his own breast, yet the guilt of it was likely to remain a lasting thorn there.—The talk which so unhappy an affair must occasion, — a ruined fortune—an exhausted credit — the slights that had long been shewn him by many—and his last remaining finances, sunk to a half by FREDERIC,—were sufficient motives to awaken an idea, which he soon after executed, of bidding adieu to PARIS.—He concerted his plan with a person of considerable rank, who had been much attached to him, and who furnished him with such commendatory letters to one of the ELECTORAL courts, as procured him, in a short time, a decent post, and

the countenance of his new master.—

In this situation he lived near eight years,—if not happily, at least as comfortably as could be expected;—his company was pleasing—and all that was known of his story was, that he had, through imprudence, ran out a considerable fortune.—The recollection of past scenes, and the uncertainty he was in about his son, over-shadowed the joy of many an hour;—but he exerted all the powers of dissipation to drive away every uneasy remembrance.—

It is not an easy task to reclaim a depraved mind!—the spirit of intriguing remained still the predominant passion of SAINT JULIEN;—and having by long and varied importunities attempted to seduce the affections of a lady about
the

the court, whose absent husband was a general officer in high esteem with the ELECTOR, he was instantly dismissed from his employment, and commanded by his prince, at the peril of his safety, to withdraw from his dominions in four-and-twenty hours.—

He collected precipitately the very little property that remained to him, and retired in haste to the canton of FRIBOURG.—He was now surrounded by a distress that would not allow him to shun his own reflections ;—they presented a picture truly terrible — pride struggling with poverty, without—and not a source of consolation, within !—He at length determined to address himself to his mother's brother, who was a *Chanoine* of the cathedral church of PALERMO ;
whom

whom he had not seen since his youth, and whom he had long ceased to correspond with, on account of his having more than once, reprov'd the criminal course of life which he had heard he led at PARIS.—

—Though it was a doubt with him whether the *Chanoine* was still living, yet he wrote to him from FRIBOURG; communicating part of his distress, and his purpose of visiting PALERMO, and throwing himself under his protection,—resolving, that should his uncle be dead, or refuse to countenance him, he would end his days in some part of SICILY, where his misconduct would be unknown.—The port of MARSEILLE was the most favorable to his intention; but the question was, how to get thither?—his finances were low; and the apprehension

hension of meeting in his passage through FRANCE, any one who had known him in his prosperity, was painful. — He debated the matter much, and long—and to obviate, the best in his power, every objection, he converted all he had into money, —let his beard grow,—procured a religious habit,—and set forward on his journey on foot;—making devotion, for the first time, subservient to his designs.—

It chanced that his road lay through DAUPHINÉ;—and he had the severe mortification to pass over part of the noble domain of his ancestors—a territory once his own—now parted off among various proprietors. — This was indeed a scene that penetrated his heart;—his strength almost failed him, —and he sat down on a bank by the way—

way-side, to recruit his trembling spirits.—Memory pictured to him the happy morning of his life,—and the thousand little incidents of uncorrupted innocence!—It drew in loveliest colours, the hospitality of a father, who lived the protector of the poor, and the injured,—nor failed to recall those blameless hours, when, as the youthful successor of his fortunes, he used, with cheerful step, to walk forth from the venerable mansion now just before him, to meet the homage of his surrounding tenants!—the reverse was terrible to thought—his mind glanced it over, and shuddered at the view.—He detested the world;—detested himself;—and in fullen sorrow, by long and weary journeying, found at last his way to MARSEILLE, where he embarked in a ship that was on
the

the point of sailing, for SICILY, and MALTA.

—It was the ill fate of this vessel, after being six days at sea, to be driven by contrary winds, much nearer the coast of BARBARY than was for its safety, as the regency of TUNIS was then at war with the FRENCH; and a dead calm succeeding the adverse weather, the captain discovered the next morning a TUNISIAN *Corfsair*, bearing down upon them, which appeared to be too powerful for the little resistance he could oppose to it.

—A general panic seized every one on board; and the *Count* conceiving that the religious habit he wore, might expose him to additional ill-treatment from those barbarous people; or induce them to exact a higher ransom, threw it into the sea, cut his beard

beard close, and procured a dress from one of the common sailors.— In brief they were boarded,—rifled,—stripped,—carried on shore,—examined, and sent to the bagnio of SANTA LUCIA, which is one of the places where the slaves are usually lodged.—

—There are adverse hours in some men's lives, that are eventually the most beneficial, by bringing home all their scattered thoughts, and giving them a just idea of themselves!— Of such a nature were those melancholy ones SAINT JULIEN numbered.— Though he was not (as no public works were then carrying on) condemned to bodily labour, yet he found himself plundered of every thing, doubtful of redemption, and compelled to subsist for a considerable
time

time on food which was nauseating ; till a sailor who was made captive with him, and the same who had furnished him with a mariner's garment when he cast off the religious one he had assumed, had, by means of acquaintance among the slaves, obtained sufficient credit to open a little shop for selling wine to the *TURKS**, and was moved by humanity, as well as veneration, for the *Count* (whom he imagined to be really one of a religious order) to take him in as an assistant, and let him live as he did himself.

* This circumstance will appear strange to many readers, who recollect that wine is prohibited by the *KORAN* ; but it is well known, that the use of it is authorized, or at least connived at, in those districts where the slaves are stationed.

—It

—It was some months before SAINT JULIEN knew by what means he could convey notice of his captivity to PALERMO ; which he was obliged to wait an opportunity of doing, through the channel of LEGHORN ; as the SICILIANS were then at war with TUNIS.

—And it was by various accidents, near a year and a half from the time of his being made prisoner, before any letter, or his ransom arrived.—

It was a tedious interval,—a painful uncertainty !—Imagination lengthened every hour as it passed ;—and even the distant hope of future liberty, was frequently over-shadowed by the doubt of his uncle being still alive.—

The hardships he endured,—the sad society of wretches about him,—and the recollection of his former misused prosperity, subdued both his health
and

and spirits.—His heart was now convinced, that it had been totally warped by the seduction of wits, and libertines;—and the reflection which tortured him most, was, that he had probably, by his own abandoned principles, involved his son in lasting misery.—He was now sensible, that virtue was a reality, and not a name; and that whoever throws away the shield of religion, becomes, in the moment of adversity, a defenceless existence.—He turned back his eyes on a life of guilt, and determined, that what remained of it, should be consecrated to penitence.—

—At length a vessel arrives, and brings him a most tender invitation to PALERMO,—together with a remittance through the hands of one of the consuls, of four hundred sequins, for

his redemption and journey.—**SAINT JULIEN**, having only passed for a common man, no more than two hundred sequins was demanded for his ransom.—He immediately obtained his **CARTA FRANCA**, and took his passage in a **DUTCH** ship, that was soon after to sail for **SICILY**.

—As the first fruits of a heart awakened to virtue, he presented his humane benefactor, the sailor, with a purse of one hundred sequins, which, with what the poor fellow had saved up in his little wine trade, was somewhat more than necessary to purchase his freedom.—The *Count* had the satisfaction of seeing him set at liberty, and quit the shore of **BARBARY**, in the same vessel with himself.—

It was not many days before **SAINT JULIEN** arrived safe at **PALERMO**, and expressed,

expressed, in the warmest terms of gratitude, the obligation he felt to his uncle, for relieving him from his captive state.—The good old man received him with a cordiality he never could have expected; and many a tear fell down his aged cheek, when in their frequent conversations, he found his nephew redeemed from the *worse captivity* of an abandoned life.—The *Chanoine* made him attend in all the functions of the church; and omitted no occasion to confirm him in his good resolutions.

—“ You have known,” says he,
 “ the extremes of affluence, and distress,—have experienced that happiness is not born of riches,—and
 “ can only spring where virtue hath
 “ planted it!—It is now within your
 “ reach; and I trust you will not

“ again let it slip your hold.—I must
 “ daily expect to be called from you;
 “ —the poor have been my family;
 “ but what I am still able to bequeath
 “ you, will in your present temper, be
 “ more than equal to every want.”—

“ —Little—little indeed,” replied
 SAINT JULIEN, “ have I merited the
 “ consolation I find!—You see me,
 “ Sir, humbled by my vices and folly,
 “ but convinced from principle, of
 “ all my errors—every wish toward
 “ the world is extinguished;—and it
 “ is my fixed resolve, to retire to
 “ some monastery, and close the even-
 “ ing of my life, in solitude, and
 “ contrition.”—

The *Count* resided with his uncle
 near a twelvemonth; during which
 time his choice determined him to
 enter into the convent of LA TRAPPE.
 —I had

—I had then, says the PRIOR, been somewhat more than two years appointed the superior of this house; and having formerly been well known to the good old *Chanoine*, he wrote to me on the occasion; intreating me in the most affectionate terms, that in recollection of the friendship we had once had for each other, whenever his nephew should enter amongst us, that I would sometimes allow him to advise with me.—

There was fortunately just then a vacancy, to which I immediately named him; and bidding an eternal adieu to his benevolent uncle, he was admitted into this convent, and in due time *took the Cowl*.—In the intercourses which we had frequently together, he unfolded to me, all the various occurrences of his unfortunate

O 3

life;—

life ;—he ever spoke of them with a heart-felt sigh ; and his pious example was improving to many.—

After he had resided among us four years, his health began gradually to decay.—The vicissitudes of his fortune had probably much accelerated the approach of age ;—perhaps too, the austerities of our order, were too severe for a constitution, so early habituated to the blandishments of luxury ;—though he was still able to attend most of our functions, and lived to compleat nearly his *seventh* year.

—When his dissolution was nigh, he was brought out into our church, on the matted rushes, in the same manner as you saw our brother of yesterday ; whilst I, agreeably to our institution, convened all the Convent to witness

witness his end.—His mind appeared perfectly clear;—he exhorted, with a weak voice, those around him, to persevere in piety; and then addressed himself to me, with an eye that bespoke all the distress of his heart.

“ —Holy father,” says he,—“ a
 “ little space; and I am numbered
 “ with the dead!—The penitence I
 “ have exercised within these walls,
 “ hath, I trust, washed away the
 “ stains that disgraced my former
 “ life!—In that confidence I sink to
 “ my grave!—one only anxiety agi-
 “ tates my bosom;—it is for a son,
 “ whom my unhappy example may,
 “ I fear, have rendered miserable.—
 “ You, holy father, know my story.—
 “ O! if my long-lost FREDERIC still
 “ be living!—Could he—but ’tis im-
 “ possible—could he but ever hear,

“ that the once abandoned heart of
 “ poor SAINT JULIEN was reformed !
 “ —could he but learn, with how
 “ many repentant tears I have wept
 “ for his forgiveness !—how ardently
 “ in death wished to bequeath him a
 “ blessing !—it might haply turn his
 “ steps to virtue, and my spirit would
 “ depart without a sigh !”—

— “ Gracious Heaven !” — (ex-
 claimed a Monk, throwing back his
 cowl) “ Gracious Heaven !—thy will
 “ be done ! — Behold — behold thy
 “ FREDERIC kneels before you—as
 “ much unlike the libertine who left
 “ you, as you the parent from whom
 “ he fled !—O let me catch a blessing
 “ from your dying lips !—and in a
 “ last embrace, be cancelled the re-
 “ membrance of every thing that is
 “ past !”

The

The transport and amazement of so unhopèd an interview, gave a sudden impulse to the blood ; and invigorated a little longer, the powers of life.

—“ A few moments,” says the *Count*, (casting a look of the most affectionate earnestness on his son)—“ a
“ few moments, and the knowledge
“ of the world will avail me no-
“ thing ! — And yet my lingering
“ spirit fain would know, by what
“ mysterious means we have thus
“ met again ? ” —

—“ Briefly let me say, returned
“ FREDERIC, that on quitting PARIS,
“ I hastened with the utmost speed
“ to MADRID ; accompanied with the
“ strongest resolution of amending
“ an unfortunate life. — After some
“ time, I obtained a commission in
“ his

“ his *catholic* majesty’s service, and
 “ was sent into NEW SPAIN, to join
 “ my regiment.—I was occasionally
 “ stationed in various garrisons on the
 “ Southern continent ; and at MEXI-
 “ co married the daughter of a de-
 “ ceased officer of VALENCIA, who
 “ had brought her thither with him,
 “ from EUROPE.—I began to ex-
 “ perience the serenity and happi-
 “ ness of virtue, and for five years,
 “ enjoyed in the society of one of the
 “ best of women, every blessing my
 “ heart could desire.—Far removed
 “ from all who knew me, I here wished
 “ to have ended my days,—but
 “ my regiment being called home,
 “ and the climate having much af-
 “ fected the health of my wife, she
 “ was anxious to return to BARCELONA,
 “ which was her native air, and where
 “ she

“ she had two aunts still living, who
 “ had in her earlier years supplied a
 “ mother’s loss; and to whom I had
 “ not restored her ten months, when
 “ the hand of death dissolved our
 “ union.—Sick of the world,—its fol-
 “ lies,—its disappointments—all that
 “ endeared it to me gone before!—
 “ and no pledge of love left behind,
 “ to hold me to it!—I turned away
 “ from it without a single regret—
 “ bequeathed to the family of the
 “ amiable Being I mourned, the lit-
 “ tle fortune she brought me,—and
 “ *nine* years ago, under the assumed
 “ name of LORENZO, withdrew into
 “ this monastery.—

“ Happy, my child,” added SAINT
 JULIEN, (pressing his son’s hand
 with a look of eager tenderness)

“ happy

“ happy is it, that the GREAT DIS-
 “ POSER of human events, hath or-
 “ dained, that we meet in peace at
 “ last!—*Seven* of those years have we
 “ lived together in this place, though
 “ mutually unknown—often kneel-
 “ ing side by side at the same altar
 “ —often joining in the same de-
 “ votions — and perhaps soliciting
 “ Heaven for each other.—Oh! my
 “ FREDERIC!—the crime which hath
 “ made thy heart most wretched,
 “ with the severest anguish hath tor-
 “ tured mine!—I have injured thee
 “ much—but all is, I hope, aton-
 “ ed!”—

—“ Father of mercies!” cries the
 young man,—“ the triumph’s thine!
 “ —How wonderfully hath thou dealt
 “ with us!—making those very crimes
 “ which

“ which were instrumental to our
 “ mutual misfortunes, instrumental
 “ in the end to our mutual con-
 “ version !—But I talk to the dust—
 “ he is passed away, like a silent
 “ vapour !”—

This was a scene, added the PRIOR,
 of so singular a nature, as to merit
 the being recorded ; and I conceived
 it would not be uninteresting to a
 man of sensibility.—

About three years after the death
 of SAINT JULIEN, a fever seized se-
 veral of our Convent, and FREDERIC
 was one among those to whom it
 proved fatal.—He seemed sensible
 from the moment he was taken ill,
 that his disorder would be mortal—
 he supported it, with the utmost resig-
 nation ; requesting with his latest
 breath,

breath, to be buried with his father;—
and in yonder corner, where the two
white crosses are raised on the turfed
hillock, one grave contains them
both.—

—I can assure you, says AMELIA, that
the complicated distress of your story
cannot be attended to without emo-
tion,—it is an event so extraordinary,
that I much rejoice you have rescued
it from the silence of a monastery;
though it is only in a monastery, and
only in one of *this order*, that such
a circumstance could have arisen.—

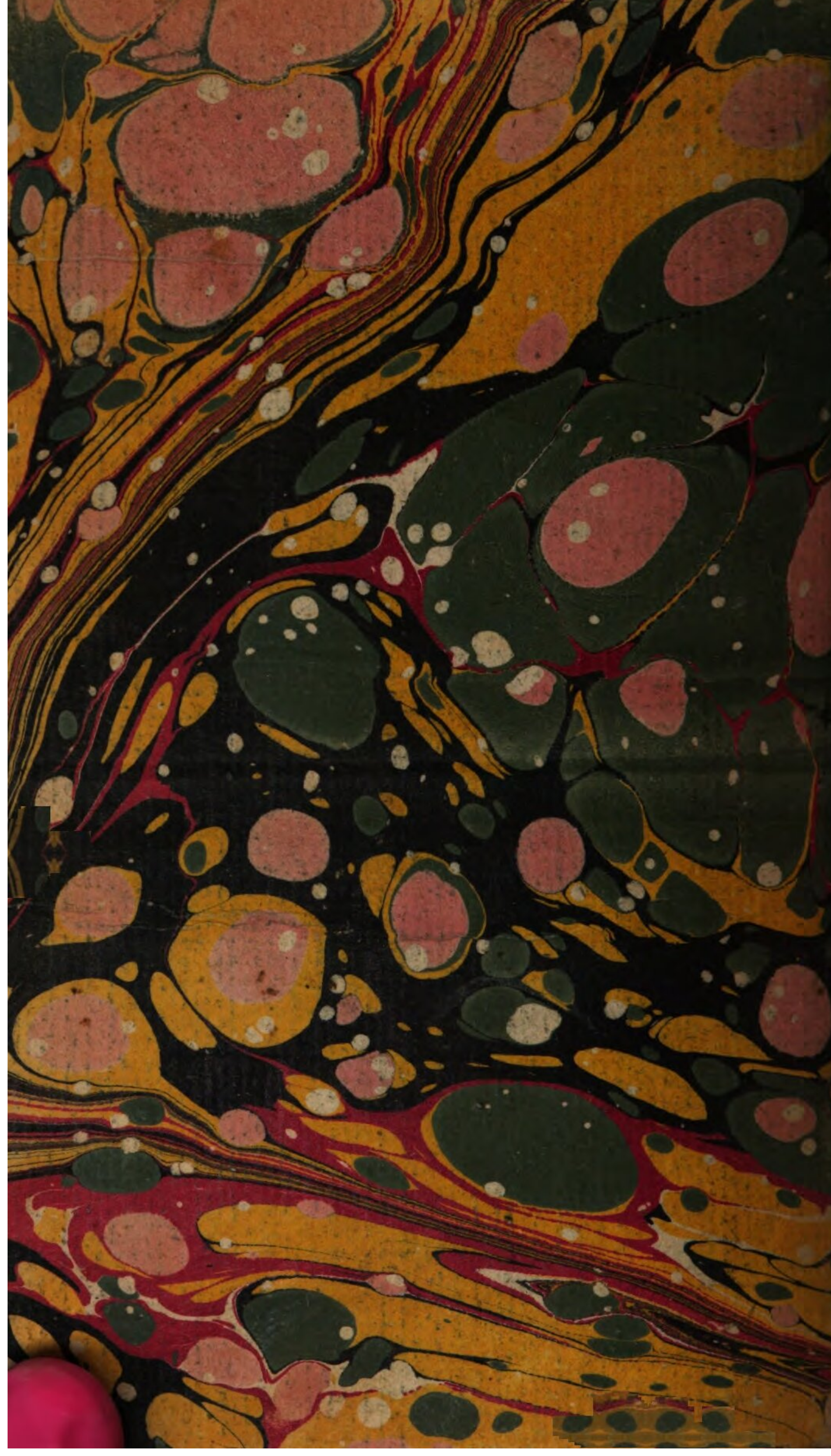
—But I agree with you, that man-
kind is little benefitted by that vir-
tue, which is only known and exer-
cised within the walls of a convent.

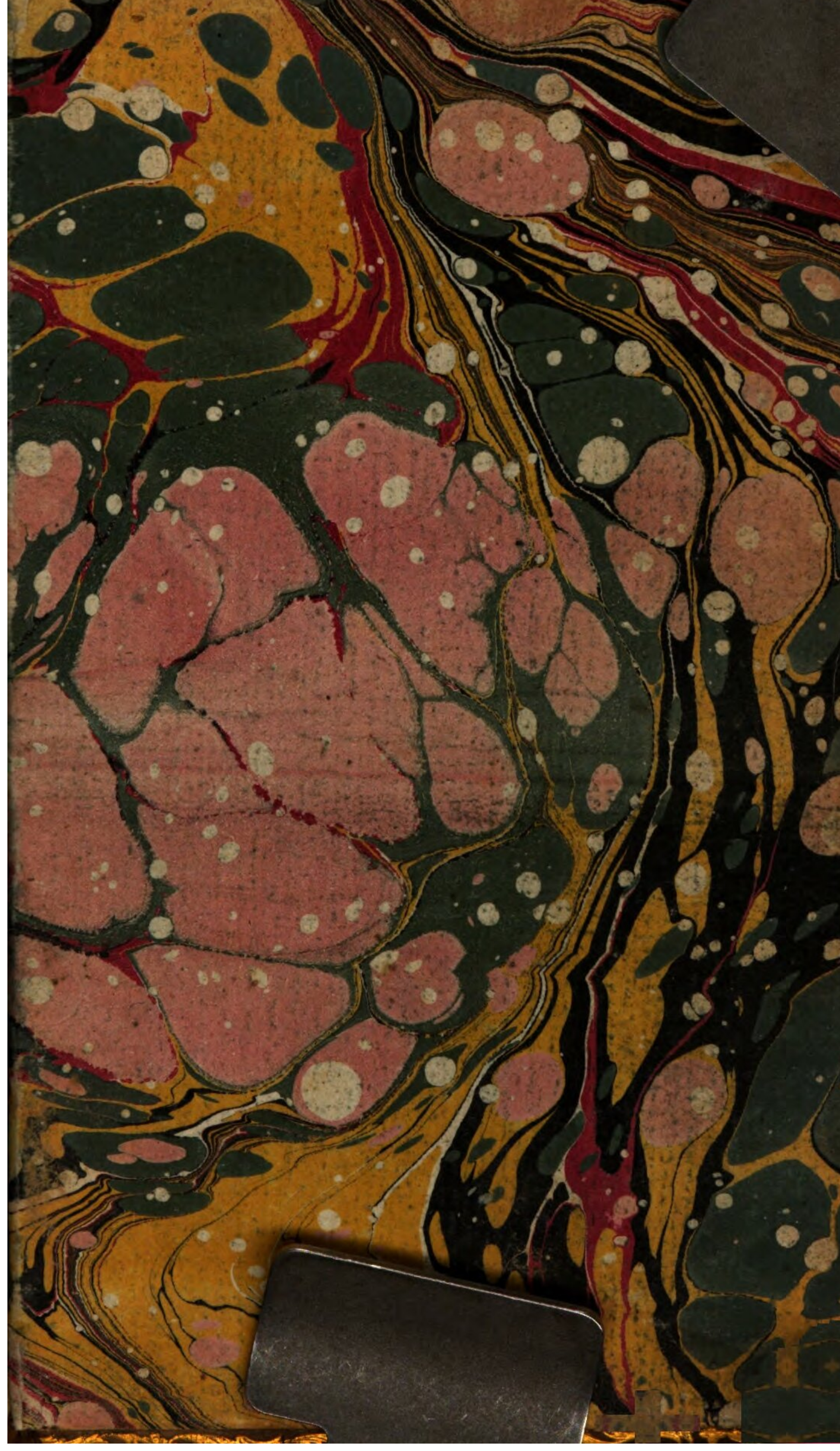
—An avowed libertine reclaimed,—
or a good Being struggling with cheer-

ful resignation against the frowns of fortune,—are much nobler objects of *respect* and *imitation*.—

—True, Madam—and your old woman at DRAPER'S worth a thousand enthusiasts.—

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







Keate, George,

Sketches From Nature; Taken, And Coloured, In A Journey To Margate
Published From The Original Designs

Bd.: 1

London 1779

P.o.angl. 188-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747159-1